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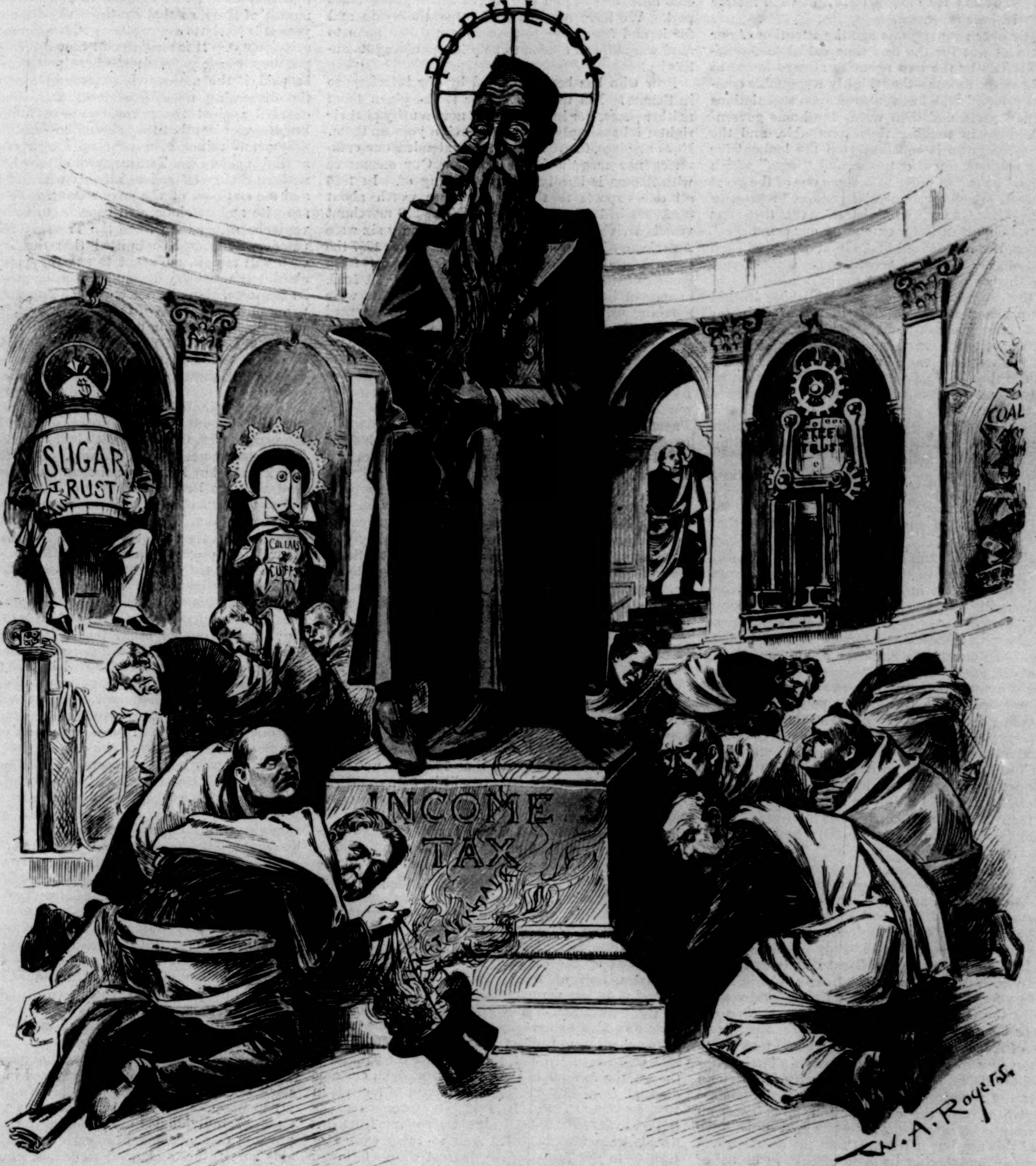
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A TRUCE TO THIS TARIFF MUMMERY!

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SAMOA.

THAT we should feel ourselves troubled by any sense of responsibility when we read in the newspapers of a quarrel between two rival chiefs of savages on an island 4000 miles away from our Pacific coast is certainly a strange and uncomfortable thing. Whoever wishes to convince himself of the utter foolishness of such a departure from the principles of WASHINGTON and the wise men who succeeded him as has led this republic into the Samoan entanglement need only read the calm and lucid report of Secretary GRESHAM and the 200 pages of diplomatic correspondence on this subject which have recently been published. The story is so characteristic and instructive that it will bear rehearsal.

A little over twenty years ago the attention of our government was for the first time called to the Samoan Islands by the two agencies always found at work in this direction—the "highly respectable commercial person," who has ventured upon speculations in foreign parts, and then wants the home government to help in making them profitable, and the naval officer who is constantly on the lookout for coaling stations, naval outposts, and "keys" which we "must have" in order to become one of the great sea-powers. Such "commercial persons" represented to President GRANT'S administration that there was a "grand opportunity for extending our commerce" in Samoa, if we would only take hold of it; and such a naval officer, of his own accord, induced the "great chief of the bay of Pago-Pago" to grant to the United States the exclusive privilege of establishing in that harbor a naval station, asking in return only for the protecting friendship of this republic. President GRANT sent one STEINBERGER as special agent to the Samoan Islands to report upon their condition. STEINBERGER, a thorough adventurer, proceeded to set up a government with himself at the head, and assured the natives that they were under the protection of the United States. Our government disavowed him, and the usurper was deposed and removed from the islands on a British man-of-war.

In 1877 the Samoan chiefs, incited by American "commercial persons," sent an envoy to Washington to conclude a treaty, hoping to obtain at least the formal protection of the United States. This they did not get; but a treaty was actually made, by which the United States obtained the privilege of establishing a naval station in the bay of Pago-Pago, promising in return that in case the Samoans got into difficulty with any foreign power, our government would "employ its good offices" for the adjustment of the trouble "upon a satisfactory and solid foundation." Of course the Samoans would get into all sorts of difficulties. The native chiefs would quarrel and fight among themselves; one set of foreign adventurers bent upon filling their pockets, and thus "extending the commerce" of their home country, would stir up the natives against other sets of foreign adventurers bent upon "extending the commerce" of their respective countries; and the various consular officers, fired by that peculiar fever which BISMARCK used to call the "*furor consularis,*" tried their utmost in protecting the interests of their countrymen to draw their respective home governments into "energetic" policies. The American consuls were so "patriotic" in this respect that twice, in 1877 and in 1878, the American flag was raised in Apia as a sign of an American protectorate over the Samoan Islands. In both cases our government had the good sense to give orders to "haul down the flag" which had been illegitimately hoisted.

In 1879 both Germany and Great Britain concluded treaties with the Samoan chief, each obtaining a privilege for a naval station; and their subjects, especially the Germans, acquired by their private enterprise business interests there greatly superior to those of American citizens. But when, in 1885, the German consul took possession of certain lands within the municipality of Apia as security for German claims, the American consul again hoisted the stars and stripes over the country and proclaimed an American protectorate. Again our government disowned this act, but it thought that the occasion had arisen for "employing its good offices" in behalf of the Samoan people. Then followed a series of diplomatic negotiations between the United States, Germany, and Great Britain, with a view to the establishment of a permanent government over the Samoan Islands. The conferences began in the summer of 1887; but during a temporary adjournment of them the Germans made a demand upon the Samoan king MALIETOA for reparation of certain wrongs done to German subjects, declared war against him, dethroned and deported him, and installed another king, with a German adviser. Great irritation ensued between Germany and the United States, and the tension was such that any hot-headed naval officer on either side might by a hasty act in Samoan waters have precipitated a war between this republic and the German Empire. This was happily avoided; but the war-ships we sent there to enforce our "good offices" were destroyed by a hurricane in the bay of Apia. Then diplomatic negotiations were resumed, which resulted in the general act of Berlin "for the neutrality and autonomous government of the Samoan Islands."

The government thus instituted is the creature and the joint agent of the United States, Germany, and Great Britain. It is anything but autonomous. It is a government of foreigners imposed upon the natives. It recognizes their independence in name, but they have no real power under it. Moreover, it is a sorry bungle. It hardly answers any of its professed objects. The natives are in an almost constant state of turmoil under it. The foreign business men are dissatisfied with its workings. Everybody dislikes it. To the three powers which have set it up it is an unceasing annoyance. And in such a government, 4000 miles away from our shores, this republic takes part. We have our share of responsibility in and for it, and from time to time we are called upon to send war-ships to Samoa to help in upholding its authority.

Now who has been benefited by our interference in Samoa? Not the natives, for it has given them neither peace, nor independence, nor security of their rights; it has simply fastened a foreign yoke on them. Not ourselves, for it has neither extended our commerce nor magnified our power. Our commerce with Samoa is hardly worth speaking of. In 1886 all our exports to the islands were worth about $150,000; in 1887 only $60,000. Of the 229 merchant vessels arriving there during that year only six were American, of less than 200 tons each. Since 1887 the average has been about the same. Our imports from Samoa during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, amounted in value to $20,000; and as if fate were mocking us, of this sum nearly $19,000 represented the wreckage recovered from those naval vessels which would not have been destroyed by the hurricane in the Samoan waters had we abstained from this foolish departure from our traditional policy of non-entanglement. So much for the "extension of our commerce." As to the naval station at Pago-Pago, we never established it. But if we really needed it, we might certainly have acquired it for a small consideration without burdening ourselves with the least ulterior responsibility.

The only way in which this absurd enterprise, which came so near involving us in a war with Germany *about King Malietoa*, can do us any good, is by serving as a warning example. We may congratulate ourselves upon having at present a Secretary of State sensible and courageous enough to tell the people the unvarnished truth about the whole business, and to advise them to get out of such nonsense the best way they can.

THE TREASURY DEFICIT.

ON the 30th of this month, when the fiscal year will end, the government's revenues will have failed to meet its expenditures by about $76,000,000. The government will also be behind in its payments to an indefinite amount. Contracts that were authorized by Congress as far back as 1891 will not have been made. The gold reserve will be many millions of dollars short of the $100,000,000 which the traditions of the Treasury require shall be maintained for the redemption of legal-tender notes. The government will owe something like $25,000,000 to the holders of national-bank notes, and a good deal to the accounts of disbursing officers, both of which are subject to demand.

This condition of things began with the extraordinary extravagance of the Fifty-first Congress, known as the billion-dollar Congress. It was furthered and intensified by the extravagance of the Fifty-second Congress, part of whose appropriations, however, were due to the permanent appropriations provided by the legislation of the Fifty-first Congress, while part was also extravagance. The revenues of the government were further disastrously affected by the McKINLEY law. In 1891, the year after the passage of the act, the receipts of the government from customs dues fell from $229,608,585, the amount of receipts in 1890, to $219,522,205. In 1892 the customs receipts fell off to $177,452,964. In 1893 the receipts from this source were $203,355,017. Add to these causes of trouble to the Treasury the distrust which followed the apprehension of further and more radical silver legislation, and the consequent panic and drain upon the Treasury's gold, and we have a state of affairs that is exceptional, it is true, but which must be met and overcome. There is hardly a doubt that the cause of the difficulty will be removed by the present Congress. Expenditures will be reduced and revenues will be increased. Even if no tariff bill should pass, it is not probable that the revenues from customs receipts will continue to be as small as they are now, for when the rates that are to be paid on importations for the coming twelvemonth are once known, even though they are McKINLEY rates, business will spring up. The stocks of merchants are now so low that they must be replenished. This will necessarily lead to importations, and therefore to the increase of customs receipts. If the Senate bill, or any suggested modification of it, meet the approval of both Houses and the President, more than sufficient revenues will be provided.

The increase of revenue, however, will not be felt for many months to come. The important revenue-producing features of the pending tariff bill will not go into effect until next January. The tax on sugar, for example, will be felt by the consumers at once, for the sugar trust will add the 40 per cent. imposed on raw sugar on all their sales of refined sugar that are effected after the day on which the bill becomes a law. But while the consumers pay the tax, the money will go to the refiners, who will not begin to pay a tax to the government until after January 1, 1895. The excess of expenditure over revenue will certainly go on until after that date. It is estimated that that excess will amount to $10,000,000 for the month of July, so that by the end of the calendar year it is likely to aggregate considerably more than $100,000,000. It is also certain that if all the appropriations whose payment has been postponed should be paid, if the national bank redemption fund and the disbursing officers' balances were once more charged against the government—as honest bookkeeping requires that they should be—and if the subsidiary and minor coin were no longer counted as available assets, the Treasury would now be entirely without cash. Of course all this will not be done, and the creditors of the government, most of whom are wise and patriotic, will consent to suffer inconvenience rather than force the Treasury into bankruptcy. It may be admitted that the Treasurer's cash will remain sufficient to pay the pressing and absolutely necessary demands upon the government. In the mean time the officers of the Treasury are carrying on the finances of the country by arts and devices that are known to sharpers and traders who are on the verge of ruin. If there is not enough money at Indianapolis to pay the pensions coming due in Indiana, the checks are made payable in Chicago. If there is a run on the Sub-Treasury in New York, and speculation in drafts on the metropolis is tempting distant banks to draw on New York, the Treasury orders that all drafts shall be made on the Sub-Treasury nearest the drawers. It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that a committee of the leading Treasury officers at Washington met daily last year for several months, and determined how the Treasury should turn and twist in order to meet the expected demands for that day, and that it was only by the most skilful twisting and turning that the government was saved from repudiating its obligations.

This is a state of things that not only ought not to exist, but which is distinctly discreditable to the country. Some time or other the shifts to which the Treasury was put in those distressful times must be known, and then the wonder will be that Congress, whose leaders knew of the government's troubles, and which had it in its power to put an end to them, did nothing whatever to provide a remedy; that so unconcerned was the law-making power of the government at the straits of the country for which its legislation was mainly responsible that in order to meet demands that could not be postponed the Secretary of the Treasury was obliged to give to an old law an interpretation which had never before been thought of, although among lawyers there is little doubt that his interpretation is fully justified. Congress knew, moreover, that the Secretary was able to sell $50,000,000 of bonds only by a successful appeal to the patriotism of the bankers of New York, and that no financier either in public or private life believes that the Secretary could again borrow money on these securities. And still Congress does nothing for the relief of the situation. It seems to be trusting to luck to weather through the storm until revenues begin to increase and expenditures to fall off. It may be that its trust may be vindicated, and the country will never be humiliated by the announcement that the Treasury has declined to honor a demand obligation. But self-respecting merchants and financial institutions are not conducted in this shifty spirit, and why should not the same ethical rules apply to the pecuniary transactions of the public as to those of individuals? An honest merchant with pressing demands and little cash, but with a reasonably sure future and good securities, would pay for the money necessary to enable him to tide over his difficulties, and there is no reason why the government should not do the same.

The government ought to borrow enough money to meet the situation. It is unnecessary to add to the public debt by issuing long-time bonds, nor is it necessary to pay as much as two per cent. for the money that is wanted. The situation of the money market is such that the government can doubtless borrow at from one to one and a half per cent. on short-time paper. Congress ought to authorize the issue of such paper. The fiscal agent of the government ought always to have the power to prevent bankruptcy. Other governments give their officials this authority, and it is evident from the experiences through which the country is now passing that the power is needed here. If the Secretary could issue Treasury notes to run a few months, to pay the market rate for money, the government could be relieved at once of the unfortunate plight in which it now finds itself. Strangely enough, Congress has thus far declined to take a business view of a purely business situation.

THE PROPOSED INCOME TAX.

THE Constitution of the United States, Article I., Section 9, among other restrictions on the power of Congress, says: "No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken." The distinction between direct and indirect taxes was then and is now clearly drawn in political economy and in popular usage. The type of an indirect tax is a duty on imports, because it is added to the price of goods, and collected from the consumer when he buys them. The type of a direct tax is a tax on income, because it is collected directly by the government from the man who bears the burden, and he has no means of recovering it from others. In the crisis of the rebellion an income tax was enacted and borne to prevent national bankruptcy. The Supreme Court exhausted its ingenuity in upholding it on the plea that the Constitution meant by a direct tax only a tax on land. But this reasoning never satisfied the legal profession nor the country. The tax was repealed as soon as the government could spare it, and the decision in question has ever since stood as the extreme instance of the power of public necessity to extort from the highest tribunal a perverse and destructive interpretation of the fundamental law. The real justification for the income tax of 1863 was that it violated one clause of the Constitution to save all the rest. But if Congress can levy such a tax directly on the people in time of peace, and solely for the purpose of replacing revenue lost by the remission of indirect taxes, then no restriction can be effectually imposed upon its powers by any language yet devised.

Should the revenue bill now pending in Congress be passed with its proposed direct tax on personal incomes, all the machinery for its collection must needs be created by the Executive, with many hundreds of officers drawn from productive industry and sent on inquisitorial missions through the land. But the levy will of course be resisted, and until the present court, no longer under the pressure of a great national peril, shall reaffirm the strange doctrine that the language of the Constitution has nothing in common with the language of the people, it will remain utterly uncertain whether anything can be collected under it, whether the costly attempt will have been pure waste, still further exhausting instead of replenishing the Treasury. Unless the bill provides for an ample revenue from other sources, the recognition by the court of the plain meaning of the Constitution will throw our whole financial system into renewed confusion, and bring back for an indefinite period the suspense under which the country now suffers. If the revenue from other sources is sufficient, the only pretext for this tax disappears.

But apart from all questions of legality, the income tax proposed in the pending bill is a vicious measure, and the changes reported by Mr. VEST from the Finance Committee make it worse. The objections to it which have been urged by members of the Senate, by public meetings of citizens, and by the principal journals of the country are overpowering in number and weight. Their conclusive force is best understood by reading the answers attempted by advocates of the tax. Most of the arguments in favor of it are but thinly disguised appeals to the interests or prejudices of particular sections and classes. It is not necessary here to repeat the considerations which the lively discussion has made familiar to all our readers. We shall merely outline a few which seem to have received too little attention.

To tax income, in this country and in the present state of society, is in most cases to tax, not a fact, but an idea. Nothing is less definite, less determinable, than the actual income, for any year, of the average business man. To ascertain it, we must know the value of his whole estate at the beginning and at the end of the year, measured by the same money standard; subtract the former from the latter, and add to the difference his expense of living for the year. The last is the only element of the problem which is commonly ascertainable with any degree of accuracy, even by himself. The fluctuations in value of plant, stock, and good-will in any business may easily represent many times the yield of the business in money during the year. To take no account of them is to inflict gross injustice on those whose prosperity is temporary. The typical case of hardship is that of the professional man, whose earnings represent the consumption of his capital in brains and education, and can at best continue but a few years; in comparison with the proprietor, whose rents are a perpetual annuity, while his lands acquire an "unearned increment" that is progressive. Any tax which imposes the same percentage on both has no equity. The injustice may be less manifest in the assessment of ordinary business incomes, but it is no less flagrant.

Nor is this inequality of burden the worst result of the uncertainty. The assessment of the business man's income must practically be made by himself, so that the tax, except for men of rigid and rare integrity, is little more than a voluntary contribution. This is peculiarly the case where the income is very large, so that the strongest temptation to concealment exists just where concealment is most easy. The demoralizing influence of such a tax has no limits. Every man whose return is full and fair sees around him scores of others who seem to him to have profited by the opposite course, and he is too apt to resolve never again to be fined so heavily for his scrupulous accuracy. This influence is progressive, and it affords the only explanation of the fact that the war tax on incomes rapidly grew less productive every year from 1866 till its repeal in 1873, even when no changes were made in the law fixing its rate and incidence.

Much has been said of the inquisitorial character of the pending bill. But the fact is that it is remarkably free from provisions which would insure an effective inquiry into personal incomes. Such provisions could not be enforced in this country if enacted. Confronted with the facts that the tax cannot be collected from unwilling business men without a most oppressive and tyrannical system of investigation, and that our people will never submit to such a system, the authors of the bill have chosen to make their proposal as inoffensive as possible. The result, which all foresee, will force upon a future Congress the choice between despotic methods of inquisition and the abandonment of the tax; but till then they seem content to make it distinctively a tax upon integrity. History will regard the demoralization of the public conscience as by far the worst evil of the MCKINLEY bill, but its provisions cannot be said to be at work continually throughout the land, offering the strongest and most insidious temptations to deception and perjury. If anything in legislation can be more injurious to the national morals than the bargaining over tariff schedules which has of late disgraced our Congress, it will be the imposition of a fine upon honesty in the form of an income tax.

The exemption of personal incomes less than four thousand dollars is proposed in the expectation that it will be popular, since not more than one in eight hundred of the whole people is believed to be liable to the tax. But this appeal to a large majority to throw the burden on a comparatively small number is an outrage of principle, and ought to offend all alike who cherish justice. If the many who have less may tax disproportionately the few who have more, they may draw the limit where they will, and confiscate all possessions which exceed it. Instead of a protection to property and an encouragement to the production of wealth, government becomes an agency for plunder and spoil. Once sacrifice the principle of equality, and permit the law to punish the accumulation of capital by invidious and excessive taxation, and the first great step is taken towards the destruction of the rights of property. The American people are not prepared thus to give up the traditions on which our society is founded, and if any large number of them now favor the pending bill, it is only because the apparent moderation of the tax in amount disguises from them its socialistic character and tendencies.

Besides, the claim that the bill taxes only those able to bear it is a false pretence. The amendment offered by Senator VEST from the Committee on Finance, and pending in the Senate, levies the full tax on savings institutions and life-insurance associations. If there are any funds which should be spared by the taxing power, as long as society can be maintained without touching them, they are the deposits of working-men and working-women in savings-banks, and the sums intrusted to life-insurance companies to preserve future widows and orphans from pauperism. The proposed tax actually discriminates against these, and taxes them more heavily than the incomes of individual capitalists. For the investments of savings-banks and insurance companies in bonds and stocks are first taxed upon their interest and dividends, before it is collected, and then all sums accumulated by these companies and placed to the credit of depositors and policy-holders as interest or dividends are taxed again. Under the pretext of discriminating against the rich, this bill reserves its heaviest burdens, its double taxation, for the laboring-man who is struggling to store up a reserve against old age, and for the father of a family who insures his life to keep the danger of pauperism from his wife and children. When the interests of these are in question, the four thousand dollars limitation is thrown aside, and every dollar of the poor man's savings is pared down by the inexorable tax.

All taxation, it is truly said, is a burden and a hardship to those on whom it falls, and wise statesmanship must choose that form which will hurt the least. But the more the proposed tax on incomes is studied, the more surely will it appear to unite all the evils of all the worst forms of taxation. It is a resort to be adopted only in the nation's extreme danger, when the patriotic impulse under which the mass of citizens offer their lives for its defence will command their fortunes also.

GETTING CLOSER TO THE PEOPLE.

THE present aspect of American politics is calculated to make people believe that the strongest safeguard for the good behavior of a public man is in his immediate responsibility to the people. Indeed, it is not only by American politics that this lesson is inculcated. In Great Britain we find that the Upper House, which does not represent anybody except the individuals who compose it, is both able and disposed, in the interest of those individuals, to nullify and frustrate projects of law upon the justice and necessity of which the whole nation is not only agreed, but has declared its agreement.

A demagogue is not a nice or useful person, but it looks as though he were by no means the most dangerous of public characters. What we mean by a demagogue is a man who either has no political ideas or convictions of his own, or is willing to waive them in deference to what he supposes to be a popular sentiment. The most vivid illustration of the character is furnished by the anecdote of a stump-speaker who seemed to himself to detect a want of sympathy with his remarks upon the part of his audience, and who accordingly drew his remarks to a close with the affecting peroration: "These, fellow-citizens, are my sentiments; but if they do not suit you, they can be changed."

Nobody is ready unreservedly to admire a public servant of this kind. But, after all, it is questionable whether he does not rather shine by contrast with the other kind of public servant, who is removed, by the nature of his place, from the necessity of cultivating public opinion, or of appealing to it continually. We have an example of this kind in the Senate of the United States. Nobody who has paid much attention to the action of Congress can well hesitate to conclude that of its two Houses the Lower is not only the more fairly representative of the people of the United States, but the more trustworthy and useful body. Such a combination of private interests as that which has availed in the Senate to take out all the character and efficacy of the tariff bill, as that bill came from the House, would not be possible in a body that really represented the people, and upon the members of which there rested a sense of a real and enforceable responsibility to the people.

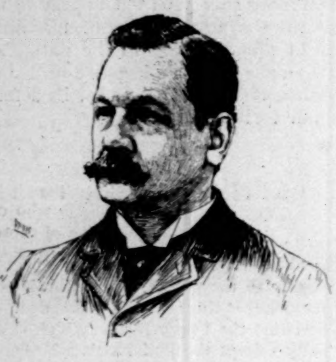
It is not only the Senate that has come up for judgment, but the whole system of offices of which the incumbents are only remotely responsible to the people. Once upon a time all the judges of the higher courts in the State of New York were appointed by the Governor, with the "advice and consent" of one branch of the Legislature—a system that had been inherited from colonial times, when the Governor was a stranger, and that has been incorporated in the Constitution of the United States and in the charters of most municipalities. It is not very long since it was removed from the charter of the city of New York. When the judiciary became elective, there were not wanting old-fashioned lawyers to say that this was the end of good judges, and that the glories of the old bench would disappear at once when judges were made responsible not to the profession, but to the people. As a matter of fact, we have had quite as good judges since the change as we had before. It is very noteworthy that the most flagitious and disgraceful elevation in recent years of an unworthy man, for unscrupulous party service, to the bench of the highest court of New York was not the act of the people at all. It was the act of the Governor under a power that is a survival of the old system, the disappearance of which so many lawyers regretted. We refer, of course, to the appointment of Judge MAYNARD. He took the place by the appointment of Governor FLOWER, and he held it so long as the people had not a chance to get at him, and no longer. When the machine of his party volunteered to submit his behavior to the judgment of the people, the man promptly disappeared under an adverse majority of 100,000.

The indirect election of Senators is another survival of the old system, and a scandalous survival it is. In every State in which the Legislature chooses the Senators the quality of the Senators deteriorates. Men are chosen by party intrigue who would have no chance at all in a popular election. Fancy a party "going into a campaign" with the name of EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., inscribed upon its banner, or even with the name of DAVID B. HILL! The thing is not thinkable. It is noticeable, and it is gratifying, that each party in the State of Michigan has nominated its candidate for Senator in convention, and makes its campaign on that nomination. Such action tends to clear the air, and is very much to be commended. If this innovation were to become the usage, it is safe to say that the Senate of the United States would gain greatly in dignity and authority. It would no longer be the asylum of the BRICES and GORMANS and other active business men with no representative character and no real responsibility to their constituents, and who have lately been putting the august and venerable body to an open shame.

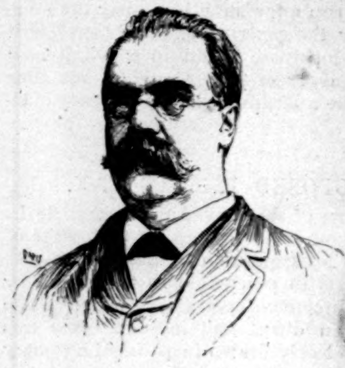
THE GERMAN SÄNGERFEST IN NEW YORK.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

It is more than a quarter of a century since a German Sängerfest took place in New York, and for that reason the festival of song which is to be held in the Madison Square Garden on June 23d, 24th, and 25th is of especial interest. The cultivation of music in New York city has been wide and catholic, but the omniverous taste of a people which is proverbially ever seeking something new has prevented an essentially German form of art from rising to the importance which it has attained elsewhere. In his article on "Music in America," in *Famous Composers and Their Works*, Mr. Krehbiel has clearly shown that the special influence which has prevailed in the development of music in New York has been the theatre, while the church has governed in New England, and the German Männerchor in the West. The opera is the only musical magnet which will draw the general public in this city, the support of symphonic and choral concerts being left to those who are specifically music-lovers by taste and cultivation. Nevertheless, among the Germans here the art of singing part-songs flourishes, and the fine halls of the Arion and Liederkranz societies bear testimony to its pecuniary support. That it has been confined to the Germans is due, first, to the fact that with them it is a national institution, and, second, to the lack of knowledge among Americans of the gentle art of sight-reading. It may be that since this art has begun to spread, the Sängerfest about to be held may act as a stimulus in shedding abroad a fondness for one of the gentlest and most genial forms of æsthetic fellowship.


RICHARD KATZENMAYER.

The singing of male part-songs has long been recognized as a distinctively Teutonic form of sociability, for, as Dr. Ritter says, "wherever at least four Germans gather together one may be sure to find a Männerchor." As far back as the second decade of this century the German male chorus began to make its influence felt in the West, and ten years later the Germans in the East began to follow the example of their brethren in the West, and to make the valleys of the Hudson and the Delaware vocal with the songs of the fatherland. A powerful stimulus was given to the development of the Männerchor by the revolution of 1848, which drove to America thousands of Germans not eager to leave their native country, and, urged by the irresistible impulses of homesickness, to perpetuate their beloved customs in a new land. The musical inclinations of these exiles must have been strongly incited, too, by the fact that in 1846 Mendelssohn for the last time conducted the famous Lower Rhine festival, and the wonderful singing of Jenny Lind raised interest to enthusiasm. It seems to have been a natural result that in 1849 the North American Sängerbund was organized and gave the first of its notable festivals. The growth of this organization in numbers was such that in 1870 the performing forces numbered 3000. It was inevitable that such physical development would call for artistic evolution. The delivery of part-songs for male voices must of necessity become monotonous, and this is all the more certain to happen when the chorus has attained dimensions which make the finer and more touching nuances impossible. In 1868, at the Sängerfest in Chicago, the chorus was assisted by an orchestra of 100 performers, and the concerts assumed a new variety of interest. To-day a Sängerfest employs chorus, orchestra, and solo performers, vocal and instrumental. It differs from the ordinary series of choral concerts in the constitution of the choral body, the character of the music and the general spirit which underlies all that is done. An example on a moderate scale was the song festival given by the Männergesangverein Arion at the Metropolitan Opera-house on October 7 and 8, 1889. The chorus was composed of the Arion of this city, the Arion of Newark, the Germania, Liederkranz, and Harmony societies of Baltimore, the Young Männerchor of Philadelphia, the Orpheus of Buffalo, and the Zöllner Männerchor of Brooklyn. There were several excellent solo-singers, two piano virtuosi, a violinist, and a large orchestra. Of course the feature of especial interest was the admirable singing of the male chorus of 400 voices, in works like Max Bruch's "Frithjof Saga," and part-songs by Rheinberger, Weinzierl, Zöllner, and others.

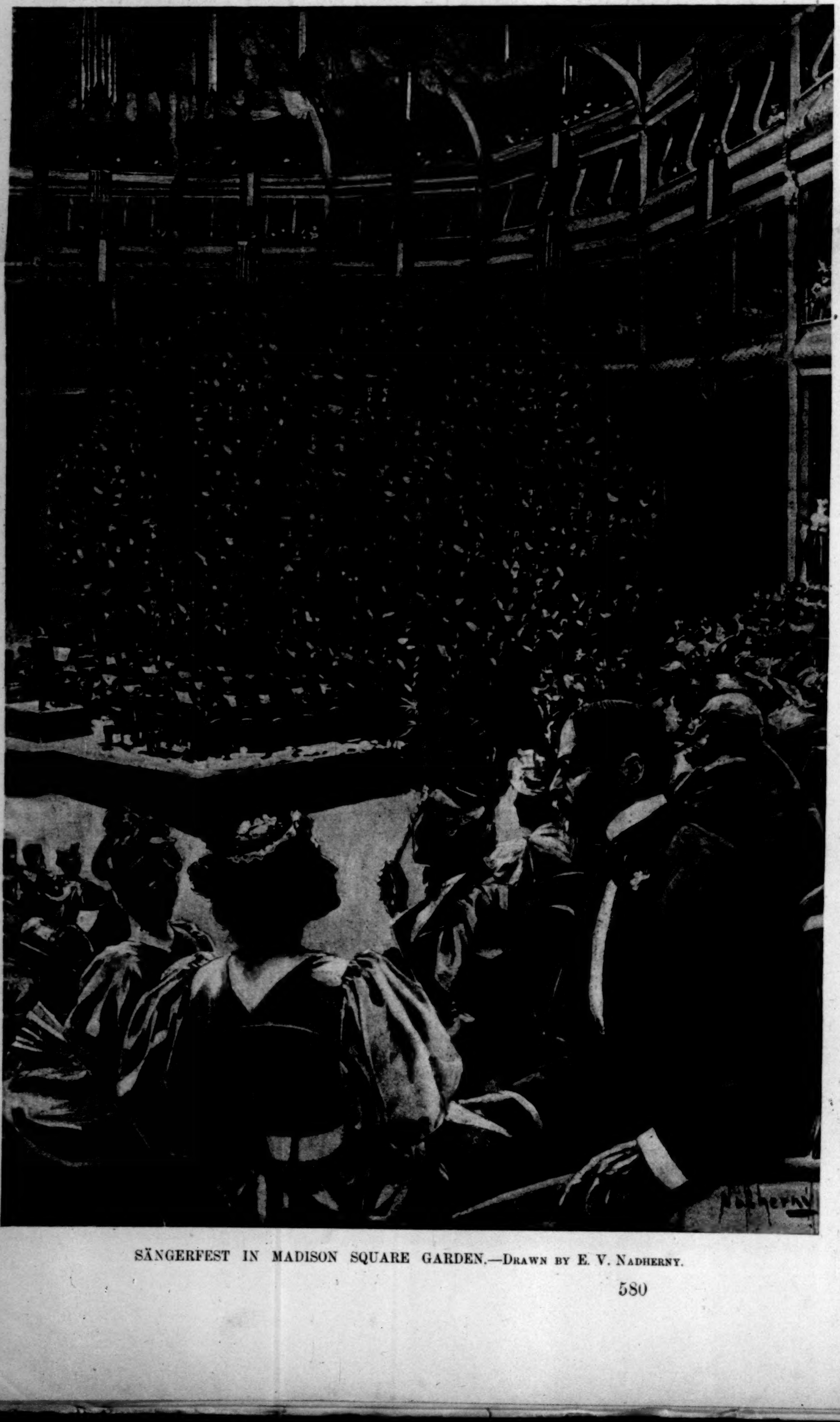

WILLIAM STEINWAY.

It is a series of concerts of this kind, on a far larger scale, that we are to enjoy in the Madison Square Garden. The entertainments will be preceded by one of those public pageants of which the German heart is so fond, and which the Germans know so well how to arrange. This will be in the form of a torch-light procession, and it is set down for Friday, June 22d, at 8 P.M. The German riding clubs, which are prominent in the cultivation of one of the most popular exercises of the day, will have a conspicuous position at the head of the column. These will be followed by a brigade of riflemen, the target heroes of the Schützen Corps, so dear to the sons of the father-land. Following these will march the various Turn Vereins in their athletic costumes. Next will come the visiting Männerchors, and these will be succeeded by the singers of this city.

Upon a float will appear a modernized Apollo, who will play upon a lyre illuminated by electricity. Apollo will be situated in a temple, and on the staircase leading to it will be Lohengrin in a large pink shell drawn by swans. At one side of the temple will stand the Goddess of Liberty, and at the other Germania. Tyroleans with guitars, plantation negroes with banjoes, Spaniards with mandolins, and other characteristic musicians of the people will be seated at the right of the stairs. At their foot will appear personages from such familiar German operas as *Tannhäuser*, *Queen of Sheba*, and *Die Walküre*. The line of march will be from Second Avenue and Second Street to Fourteenth Street, to Union Square, up Fourth Avenue to Twenty-sixth Street, to Madison Avenue, to Twenty-eighth Street, to Fifth Avenue, and up that thoroughfare to Fiftieth Street, where it will disband.

There will be evening concerts on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. Of these the first will be in honor of the visiting organizations, and will be under the direction of Carl Hein, leader of the united singers of New York. The Sunday evening concert will be directed by Heinrich Zöllner, conductor of the Liederkranz, and that of Monday evening will be guided by Frank Van der Stucken, conductor of the Arion. The concerts of Saturday and Sunday afternoons will be devoted to prize singing. The New York forces will consist of thirty-five organizations, numbering two thousand voices. The visiting clubs and societies will contribute, it is expected, four times this number, so that the entire chorus will contain ten thousand singers. It is of course altogether likely that this estimate will be found greatly to outrun the actual number; but if the chorus reaches one-half of the size predicted it will be a stupendous body. The numbers which they are to sing have been rehearsed faithfully for many weeks under the direction of Messrs. Van der Stucken, Zöllner, Hein, and their aids, and will probably be given with spirit and sentiment.

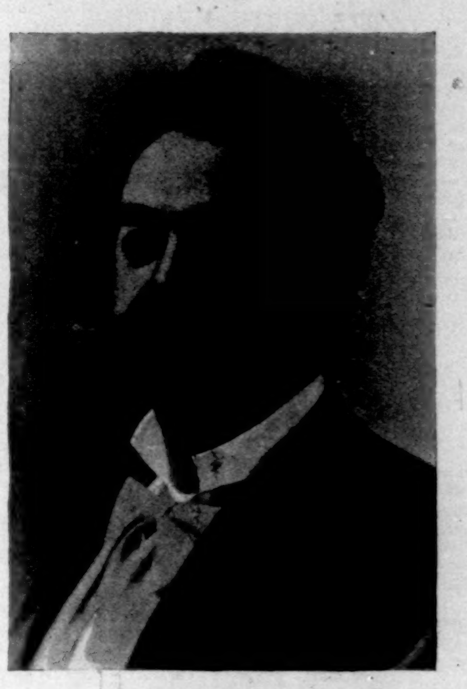
The solo artists who have been engaged for this festival are Amalia Materna, Emma Juch, Lillian Blauvelt, and Basta Javary, sopranos; Giuseppe Campanari, barytone; Emil Fischer and Conrad Behrens, bassos; Arthur Friedheim, pianist; Maud Powell, violinist; and Victor Herbert, violoncellist. An uncommonly large stand will be built at the Fourth Avenue end of the Garden to seat the choral body, and directly in front of this will be the stage for the orchestra and solo artists. A German festival without an out-door celebration of some kind would be an anomaly. Consequently, on Tuesday afternoon, June 26th, the united societies will indulge in the excitement of a picnic. At this entertainment the prizes won in the singing contests will be distributed, and it is confidently expected that the German population of the city will turn out *en masse* to cheer the victors. On Wednesday, June 27th, the visitors will be the guests of the New York societies at sea-side resorts and at places of amusement in the city. All the breweries are working overtime in preparation for these two days of good fellowship. The management of the Sängerfest is in the hands of a large committee, of which William Steinway is honorary president, Richard Katzenmayer president, Dr. Joseph H. Senner first vice-president, William Tenhoupel second vice-president, Jacob Dieter third vice-president, Felix Schwarzchild corresponding secretary, Theodore Hartwig recording secretary, John P. Windolph treasurer, and E. W. Redeke recorder. There are subcommittees on all the important details of the undertaking, and an honorary reception committee of one hundred well-known citizens, including Governor Flower, Mayor Gilroy, Colonel George B. McClellan, president of the Board of Alderman, Chauncey M. Depew, Postmaster Dayton, ex-Mayor Franklin Edson, ex-Mayor Grant, ex-Mayor Grace, General Horace Porter, and ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James. The presence of such gentlemen on this committee may be taken as an evidence of the general public sympathy with German enjoyment in any form. It will be well for all to extend the open hand of welcome to the Teutons who will come to the Sängerfest with offerings of song and good-fellowship.



SÄNGERFEST IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by E. V. Nadherny.

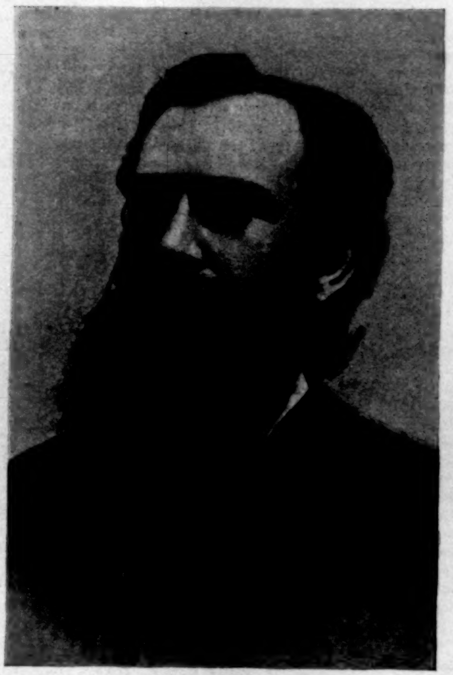
FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN,
Conductor of the Arion.

MAUD POWELL,
Violinist.



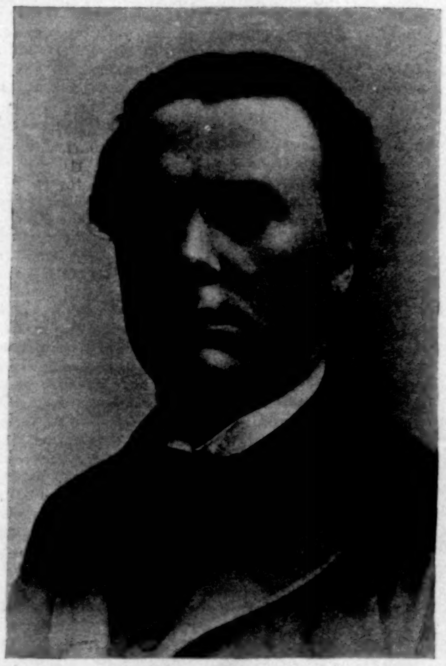
EMIL FISCHER,
Basso.

EMMA JUCH,
Soprano.



H. ZÖLLNER,
Conductor of the Liederkranz.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT,
Soprano.



ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM,
Pianist.

MME. AMALIA MATERNA,
Soprano.

CARL HEIN,
Leader.

THE PRINCIPALS OF THE GERMAN SÄNGERFEST IN NEW YORK.

THE CURTIS MEMORIAL.

Shortly after the death of Mr. George William Curtis, a number of gentlemen who had been associated with him in his public and professional work met to consider a plan for securing a memorial that should be fitting to the deep and lasting impression left by his remarkable character and career. It was determined to elicit the co-operation of those in the various walks of life who were likely to be interested in such a plan. The result was the issuance of the following very remarkable paper:

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

We the undersigned, earnestly feeling that it is due to those that are to follow us that we should publicly testify to the unvarying courtesy, the genius for friendship, the literary accomplishment, the oratorical power, the high ideal of citizenship, the devotion to duty, the purity of life, and the nobility of character of the late George William Curtis by some appropriate memorial, have thought well to designate the following gentlemen as members of a Committee charged with the duty of determining the character of such memorial, with receiving the needed subscriptions therefor, and with full power to establish the same, viz.:

Henry M. Alden.
Edward Cary.
John W. Chadwick.
Joseph H. Choate.
Robert Collyer.
Richard Watson Gilder.
Parke Godwin.
J. Henry Harper.
Joseph W. Harper.
Eastman Johnson.
Seth Low.
A. R. Macdonough.
Oswald Ottendorfer.
John E. Parsons.
Horace Porter.
Henry C. Potter.
William Potts.
Theodore Roosevelt.
Carl Schurz.
Wm. H. Thomson.
Wm. L. Trenholm.
Cornelius Vanderbilt.
Wm. R. Ware.
Chas. Dudley Warner.

Feeling entire confidence in the judgment of this Committee, we place the matter in their hands without restriction.

Lyman Abbott.
Charles F. Adams.
C. K. Adams.
Joseph Adams.
Felix Adler.
A. Agassiz.
Wm. A. Aiken.
Henry M. Alden.
Chas. Claflin Allen.
James Lane Allen.
Reese F. Alsop.
Chas. G. Ames.
John F. Andrew.
E. Benj. Andrews.
James B. Angell.
D. F. Appleton.
William W. Appleton.
Sam P. Avery.
Sam'l D. Babcock.
Truman J. Backus.
Danford N. Barney.
Amelia E. Barr.
Samuel J. Barrows.
Arlo Bates.
T. F. Bayard.
Charles C. Beaman.
Carroll Beckwith.
Joel Benton.
Charles E. Bessey.
Albert Bierstadt.
William Henry Bishop.
William Bispham.
Charles J. Bonaparte.
G. T. Bonner.
V. Botta.
R. R. Bowker.
Samuel Bowles.
Hjalmar H. Boyesen.
Martin Brimmer.
Arthur Brooks.
J. G. Brown.
Junius Henri Browne.
Clarence Clough Buel.
Sara C. Bull.
H. C. Bunner.
Frances H. Burnett.
John Burroughs.
Silas W. Burt.
Howard Russell Butler.
Nicholas Murray Butler.
William Allen Butler.
Geo. W. Cable.
John L. Cadwalader.
Will Carleton.
Franklin Carter.
Edward Cary.
John W. Chadwick.
Caroline J. Chaney.
O. Chanute.
F. J. Child.
L. E. Chittenden.
Joseph H. Choate.
C. T. Christensen.
Percival Chubb.
Frederic E. Church.
Thomas M. Clark.
S. L. Clemens.
Grover Cleveland.
Isaac H. Clothier.
D. H. Cochran.
Charles R. Codman.
Chas. Carleton Coffin.
Charles W. Coleman.
Charles Collins.
Robert Collyer.
Samuel Colman.
Mrs. Samuel Colman.
William J. Coombs.
J. D. Cox.
T. F. Crane.
Frederic Cromwell.
Frederic Crowninshield.
W. E. Cushing.
R. Fulton Cutting.
W. Bayard Cutting.
Chas. P. Daly.
Richard H. Dana.
Ira Davenport.
Richard Harding Davis.
Charles De Garmo.
Margaret Deland.
Horace E. Deming.
Chauncey M. Depew.
Melvil Dewey.
Morgan Dix.
Wm. Croswell Doane.
Mary Mapes Dodge.
Theo. Ayrault Dodge.
W. E. Dodge.
W. H. Draper.
John Drew.
H. Drisler.
D. B. Eaton.
Geo. F. Edmunds.
Edward Eggleston.
Louis R. Ehrich.
Charles W. Eliot.
Richard T. Ely.
Edward W. Emerson.
Wm. Endicott, Jun.
Dana Estes.
Wm. M. Evarts.
Charles S. Fairchild.
Henry W. Farnam.
Loyall Farragut.
Annie Fields.
Chas. E. Fitch.
Joseph E. Follett.
Mary Hallock Foote.
J. M. Forbes.
Alcée Fortier.
T. Thomas Fortune.
Wm. D. Foulke.
Austen G. Fox.
David G. Francis.
Daniel Chester French.
O. B. Frothingham.
Henry B. Fuller.
W. H. Furness.
Hamlin Garland.
F. J. Garrison.
Wendell P. Garrison.
Merrill E. Gates.
Charles Gayarre.
W. J. Gaynor.
J. Card. Gibbons.
Wolcott Gibbs.
W. Hamilton Gibson.
R. W. Gilder.
D. C. Gilman.
N. P. Gilman.
Washington Gladden.
Edwin L. Godkin.
Parke Godwin.
Robert Grant.
Edward O. Graves.
R. T. Greener.
Wm. Elliot Griffis.
Edw. E. Hale.
Matthew Hale.
G. Stanley Hall.
Murat Halstead.
J. Henry Harper.
Joseph W. Harper.
William R. Harper.
J. Andrews Harris.
Constance C. Harrison.
Joseph R. Hawley.
Rowland Hazzard.
Jos. C. Hendrix.
W. T. Hewett.
Abram S. Hewitt.
H. L. Higginson.
James J. Higginson.
Thomas W. Higginson.
A. S. Hill.
Fred. W. Hinrichs.
Ripley Hitchcock.
E. A. Hoffman.
O. W. Holmes.
H. Holt.
Edward W. Hooper.
James K. Hosmer.
Julia Ward Howe.
R. M. Hunt.
D. Huntington.
F. D. Huntington.
Geo. P. Huntington.
W. R. Huntington.
John F. Hurst.
Laurence Hutton.
Wm. DeW. Hyde.
Henry Irving.
D. Willis James.
Henry James.
Thos. L. James.
Wm. James.
Thomas A. Janvier.
Joseph Jastrow.
J. Jefferson.
Morris K. Jesup.
Sarah Orne Jewett.
Eastman Johnson.
Robert U. Johnson.
R. M. Johnston.
David Starr Jordan.
John J. Keane.
Charles King.
Coates Kinney.
Gustav E. Kissel.
Thos. W. Knox.
John La Farge.
Geo. Parsons Lathrop.
J. E. Learned.
Walter Learned.
Charlton T. Lewis.
Mary A. Livermore.
H. C. Lodge.
Alice M. Longfellow.
T. R. Lounsbury.
Seth Low.
Wm. G. Low.
Chas. Lyman.
Mary Lyman.
Theodore Lyman.
A. R. Macdonough.
Alex. Mackay-Smith.
Wayne MacVeagh.
W. H. Male.
Jno. Malone.
Henry G. Marquand.
Edward S. Martin.
Edward G. Mason.
F. O. Mason.
Brander Matthews.
Henry W. Maxwell.
Joseph May.
W. Gordon McCabe.
A. C. McClurg.
C. R. Miller.
F. D. Millet.
W. W. Montgomery.
J. Pierpont Morgan.
Edw'd S. Morse.
John T. Morse, Jun.
Levi P. Morton.
J. Mosenthal.
T. T. Munger.
S. P. Nash.
Henry Loomis Nelson.
Simon Newcomb.
R. Heber Newton.
Virginius Newton.
Wm. W. Newton.
Charles Nordhoff.
Cyrus Northrop.
Henry A. Oakley.
Geo. M. Olcott.
Fred'k Law Olmsted.
Oswald Ottendorfer.
Edwin Packard.
Thos. Nelson Page.
Alice Freeman Palmer.
G. H. Palmer.
Charles Parsons.
Jno. E. Parsons.
Robt. E. Pattison.
Francis L. Patton.
Geo. Foster Peabody.
Thomas S. Perry.
Edward L. Pierce.
Henry L. Pierce.
J. Hall Pleasants.
Horace Porter.
Geo. B. Post.
Henry C. Potter.
O. B. Potter.
William Potts.
Edna Dean Proctor.
G. H. Putnam.
W. S. Rainsford.
Julian Ralph.
B. P. Raymond.
E. McKim Reed.
Francis B. Reeves.
Chas. S. Reinhart.
James E. Rhoades.
William T. Richards.
H. A. Richmond.
G. L. Rives.
Sherman S. Rogers.
Theodore Roosevelt.
Wm. E. Russell.
W. G. Russell.
S. N. Ryan.
D. Sage.
H. W. Sage.
F. B. Sanborn.
M. J. Savage.
Wm. C. Schermerhorn.
Chas. A. Schieren.
J. G. Schurman.
C. Schurz.
M. Schuyler.
Austin Scott.
Charles Scribner.
Horace E. Scudder.
L. Clark Seelye.
Frank Sewell.
Helen A. Shafer.
N. S. Shaler.
Edward M. Shepard.
R. R. Sinclair.
W. A. Slater.
Wm. M. Sloane.
G. W. Smalley.
William T. Smedley.
Chas. Emory Smith.
Chas. Stewart Smith.
F. Hopkinson Smith.
Geo. Williamson Smith.
Lizzie W. Smith.
T. Guilford Smith.
Wm. Alex'r Smith.
E. C. Sprague.
Henry H. Sprague.
Edmund C. Stedman.
Francis Lynde Stetson.
Augustus St. Gaudens.
Albert Stickney.
Anson Phelps Stokes.
Moorfield Storey.
Richard S. Storrs.
Russell Sturgis.
Lucius B. Swift.
Mrs. Bayard Taylor.
J. M. Taylor.
John A. Taylor.
Wm. M. Taylor.
Celia Thaxter.
Abbott H. Thayer.
George A. Thayer.
Edith M. Thomas.
Theodore Thomas.
Daniel G. Thompson.
Hugh S. Thompson.
W. H. Thomson.
Charles F. Thwing.
Louis C. Tiffany.
H. A. P. Torrey.
B. F. Tracy.
W. L. Trenholm.
Herbert Tuttle.
Edmund Tweedy.
Kinsley Twining.
Anson Judd Upson.
C. Vanderbilt.
John C. Van Dyke.
M. G. Van Rensselaer.
Calvert Vaux.
Elihu Vedder.
Wm. P. Vilas.
Marvin R. Vincent.
D. H. Van Holst.
Francis A. Walker.
W. T. Walters.
E. S. P. Ward.
William R. Ware.
Geo. E. Waring, Jun.
Chas. Dudley Warner.
Geo. William Warren.
William F. Warren.
Winslow Warren.
Francis Wayland.
Alex. S. Webb.
H. E. Webster.
Jno. F. Weir.
David A. Wells.
Herbert Welsh.
Chas. E. West.
Alfred T. White.
Andrew D. White.
Horace White.
Wm. Augs. White.
Sarah W. Whitman.
W. D. Whitney.
F. W. Whitridge.
Worthin't'n Whittredge.
Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Edward L. Willard.
Frances E. Willard.
Geo. Fred. Williams.
Theodore C. Williams.
Justin Winsor.
William Winter.
Owen Wister.
Roger Wolcott.
R. Francis Wood.
Thomas W. Wood.
Geo. E. Woodberry.
Sarah C. Woolsey.
John A. Wyeth.
Morrill Wyman, Jun.

In pursuance of the plan, the Committee has now issued the following statement:

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

The gentlemen named in the annexed Note of Appointment have accepted the trust reposed in them, and have organized as the "George William Curtis Memorial Committee," with Seth Low as Chairman, William Potts as Secretary, and William L. Trenholm as Treasurer.

The Committee have unanimously voted to raise a fund of $25,000, to be devoted in part to the procurement and erection of an appropriate artistic monument in the City of New York, as a permanent record of the outward presence of Mr. Curtis, and in part to the foundation and endowment of an annual course of lectures upon the duties of American Citizenship and kindred subjects, under the title of the "Curtis Lectureship" or some similar designation, the lectures delivered in such course to be annually published for distribution. The details of these two features of the Memorial will be determined and announced by the Committee hereafter.

The Committee is now ready to receive subscriptions to the fund required, which subscriptions should be addressed to William L. Trenholm, Treasurer, 160 Broadway, New York. Communications to the Secretary should be addressed to "Underledge," Farmington, Connecticut.

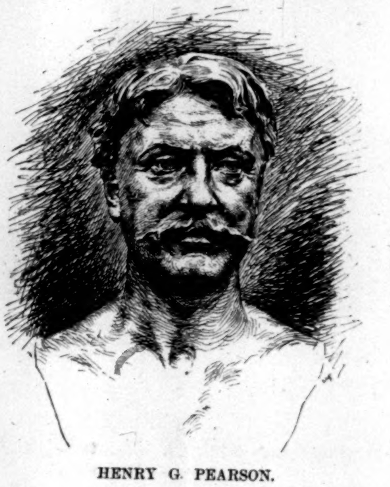
William Potts,
Secretary.

It is no exaggeration to call this a remarkable list. It is doubtful if so many names of like note were ever before in our country associated in such a purpose. Every party, every profession, every calling in life is represented by persons of high standing, and by many of national and of world-wide repute. The President of the United States, members of former cabinets, Democratic and Republican Senators, Congressmen, journalists who have labored for and against the policy of Mr. Curtis, college presidents and professors, clergymen of various denominations in sympathy with or wholly opposed to Mr. Curtis's beliefs, authors, poets, novelists, historians, essayists, artists of every school, actors, musicians, lawyers, physicians, men of affairs, women known in literature, in art, in philanthropy, in society—these form a body singularly representative of all that is best in the life of America in Mr. Curtis's day. Such an association in a movement of this sort may be said in itself to constitute a memorial to Mr. Curtis of the highest significance and value. There is no doubt that the plan thus introduced will be carried to completion in the extremely judicious and appropriate form suggested.

A MERITED HONOR.

On Thursday, June 21st, at 5 P.M., there will be unveiled in the southern lobby of the General Post-office in New York a portrait bust of Henry G. Pearson. The bust is by the sculptor Mr. French, and is an admirable representation of the strong, alert, and manly features of the subject. This memorial will appeal directly and most often to the thousands of employés of the Post-office, to whom, as time passes, it will become familiar, and to them it should be most impressive.

Every quality that heroism involves he had. He was modest, pure, unselfish, courageous, faithful as the day, and firm as granite in what he conceived to be the right. He spent his life, so sadly cut short in the prime of young manhood when a long career of honorable work should have lain before him, in the postal service. There was no part of its work, from that of porter to that of postmaster in the largest city of the Union, that he had not done and done well. There was no branch of its duties, however high, that he was not fitted for. His chief distinction was that in a time when public office was generally regarded and treated as the spoils of party, he utterly ignored, rejected, and despised all claim of party to influence official action. He believed that every office he ever held, from the lowest to the highest, was a trust, and he tried to do its work solely for the benefit of those who had intrusted him with it—not for any party, but for the people. He would no more take or give an appointment for party profit than he would steal or swindle.



HENRY G. PEARSON.

Peace hath its martyrs as well as its victories, and it is a melancholy and shameful truth that Mr. Pearson's life was literally shortened by his incessant struggle to protect the service for which he was responsible from the assaults, open or insidious, of the spoils politicians. Because he would not spend the public money for partisan ends, he was given less than the needs of the office required. Because he would not prostitute his power for like ends, he was hampered, restricted, persecuted, and finally, when his own party came into power in the national government, was repudiated. The blow was too heavy, not because it fell on him personally, but because it struck the cause of official faith and honor to which he had given all his energies.

DE MORGAN'S FINDS AT THE PYRAMIDS.

Fascination of no ordinary kind is that exerted by archæology. The discovery of buried treasures of art has all the mental exhilaration of the finding of gold mines and precious stones, plus the satisfaction of having wrought for others, of having added to the stock of the world's knowledge and to the world's store of beautiful things. Men and women in whom the romance of history is not dead can hardly fail to feel a thrill on reading of the discovery of relics belonging to famous conquerors and wise men of the past. Much more absorbing must be the passion of the discoverer.

M. Jacques de Morgan, who has just made signal discoveries relating to one of the greatest epochs in the history of one of the greatest people if not the greatest of the remote past, has the further satisfaction of working for a country which rewards more magnificently than any other those sons who deserve well of the republic. He is the Director-General of Antiquities in Egypt—a post which the English grudge to France, but have not the face to wrest from her.

M. de Morgan won his spurs as an excavator of antiquities in the Caucasus, whither he went as an engineer to work certain mines. He is not a trained Egyptologist, but his experience as an engineer has served him well. He does not pretend to the learning of Maspero, one of his predecessors, nor of Mariette, an earlier director-general. He does know, however, how to judge of possibilities by the look of sand and earth; it is by such means, not through mere luck, that he has made the important discoveries of which news is still coming to us in June.

M. Maspero had already tried for tombs in the northern pyramid of Dashur, and turned that rude mass of sun-dried brick into the likeness of an extinct volcano. He had penetrated deep into its core without results. Last February the new director-general took this pyramid in hand, and advanced upon it with the craft of an engineer.

He began by sinking shafts here and there about the old precincts of the pyramid. This peculiar creation of the Egyptian mind, after giving rise to a thousand wild conjectures, among which the lucubrations of Mr. Piazzi Smith, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, are not the least profound and baseless, has been definitely settled as a tombstone of a gigantic sort, the product of monarchs of unlimited power, having at their command not only the resources of an amazingly rich and fertile land, but troops of captives taken from the nations of Africa to the south and west and of Asia to the eastward. In the Old Testament we have a dramatic condensation of the sufferings of the ancient world at the hands of such men. They were spurred to extraordinary exertions and desperate cruelties by a rooted belief in a future life of some sort, and a resolve to have the best in that life. The poor Egyptian, whose salted body was interred in the sands, hoped to live at least as long as his corpse held together; the monarch believed that he could make his precious body indestructible, and then guard it against robbers by concealing it in various ways. Meantime talismans would protect it from wicked spirits; beneficent supernatural creatures would labor for it in the unseen world, tilling the ghostly fields, and preparing for it ghostly meat and drink; while powerful charms in the nature of invocations to the gods, painted on the winding-sheets and over the lacquered mummy-case, carved on the sarcophagus, and even on the sloping sides of the pyramid, arranged that an army of deities should watch over it and protect it from harm.

The high-priests of Thebes called themselves piromis, "distinguished and good," using, it is thought, a very ancient word of the earliest settlers in Egypt, meaning originally the "brave man" or chief, from "piru," the strong brave bear, and "mies," man—almost the same word as "baron" in Old Europe. Whence "pyramid," as the Greeks wrote it, the eternal home of the piromis. If this etymology is not correct, at least no other has been advanced.

It carries one back to a period beyond the origin of the hieroglyphs, when Egypt was seized by some northern people of non-Aryan stock, whose home was in a cold climate, some northern or mountainous land, in which the bear was the strongest and most venerated beast. Such were Macedonia and Greece and parts of Asia Minor before the Dorians occupied Greece.

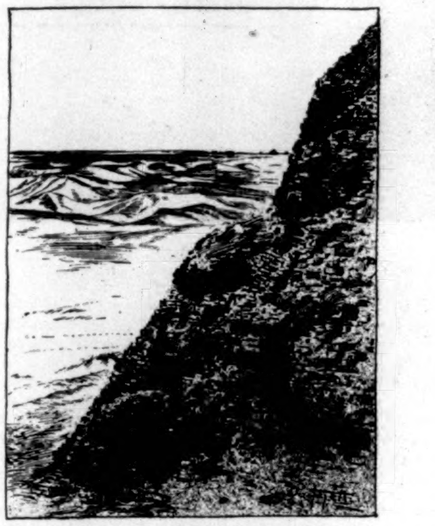
The pyramid had an encircling wall, wherein it resembled the rude stone tombs of central Asia, and Europe as far west as Ireland, which still show rough bowlders placed at intervals about the galleried mounds of the dead. Fear of robbery caused the ancient priest-kings to dig their graves, not below the mound or pyramid, but elsewhere in the enclosure. They seem to have used the galleries in the pyramid as blinds to baffle their human and superhuman enemies. To this we must ascribe the fact that the finds made by M. de Morgan at Dashur, so far, have been within the precincts of the two brick pyramids, but not in their mass, and not below them.

The signs that he was approaching the right place consisted of strata left by the early excavations near the surface below the débris from pyramid, minor chapels (or mastabas), and encircling wall, and below the masses of wind-blown sand. Then came the telltale bricks and stone of the same material and age as the pyramid. Next was the change in the earth that indicated an ancient shaft carefully stopped up. The first lead was a plunderer's tunnel on the north side of the northern pyramid, which led into a gallery parallel with the north side, about 330 feet long, opening upon which were a dozen chambers excavated in the rock over which the pyramid was built. By that time he had charted, found, and excavated the original shaft by which the sarcophagi were introduced. Ventilation was had by the two shafts, and two ranges of deep-laid tombs, one above the other, were entered. Here all was confusion. Only some stone boxes, containing lamps, and canopic jars for the entrails of the deceased, were untouched, because they were of no value. But M. de Morgan was not satisfied. He had found the tombs of certain queens and princesses of the Twelfth Dynasty, say about 2500 to 2300 B.C.—Queen Nefer-Hent; the princesses Hathor-Sat and Sent-Senbets; but the long gallery was not on bed-rock. So he dug in the gallery.

Behold! On March the 7th, a hidden treasure, its boxes rotted away, but its golden ornaments and precious stones brilliant still! Behold again: on March the 8th a much larger treasure of the same kind—solid gold recumbent lions, necklaces, clasps, and breast ornaments! The oldest piece of jewelry ever found, and far finer in workmanship than those of later dates in the Ghizeh museum.

The pectoral ornaments bear the names of famous monarchs of the Twelfth Dynasty—Usertsen II. and III. and Amenemhat III., the last being the king who made the huge reservoir called Lake Moeris, placed therein two pyramids with seated statues on top, and erected that other vanished Wonder of the World, the Labyrinth, a building having 1500 rooms aboveground open to visitors—so Heodotus tells as an eye-witness—and 1500 below, which the priests would not permit him to see. Moreover, these pieces of jewelry are historical documents that corroborate the accounts handed down by Greek historians and the Egyptian inscriptions as to the victories claimed by these kings over the dark-skinned southern races up the Nile, and the bearded inhabitants of Arabia and Palestine—over negroes and Semites. They give faint indications of racial types in the faces of the monarch Amenemhat, and in those of victims he is shown in the act of slaying. But there was more to come.

Continuing at work near and under the northern pyramid, on April 10th he set his native workmen sounding about the southern, also of brick, hoping to arrive more cheaply at the plan whereby these kings concealed their graves, the southern pyramid being much freer from sands. Up to May 15th, however, he had not found the key.


CORNER OF SOUTHERN BRICK PRYAMID.

Near the old circle about the north pyramid, however, he met traces of the name of Amenemhat III., and April 17th a statuette of gilt wood; then he unearthed the record of an unknown king of the Twelfth Dynasty, Hor Fou-Ab-Ra. Moreover, he learned just where that king came into the royal line. For, rooting about the floor of the tomb, he found under a heavy stone a box whose cord had been sealed with the seal of Amenemhat III. As his successor sealed with his royal seal the boxes of the dead king, here is proof that Fou-Ab-Ra must be placed after Usertsen III., and immediately before the builder of the Labyrinth.

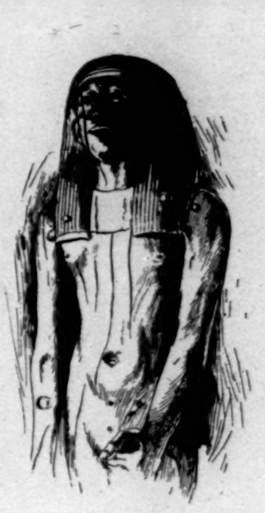
The tomb of this king was rifled. His sarcophagus had been opened and the mummy-case shattered. A statue of ebony inlaid with gold, a temple-shaped canopy, upset, canes and sceptres lay about. Two square inscribed slabs were intact, bearing the king's name. On the 19th he dug out a shaft which gave access to a grave—and this time an absolutely untouched one—the only unrifled grave he had found.

This belonged to a princess called Noup-Hotep-Ta-Khroudil, and although the body had shrunk to a mere parcel of bones, perhaps from poor embalming, a silver tiara and a gold necklace with big hawk's-head clasp were in place, the mummy-case was unbroken, and many other objects of the tomb were there. Yet their artistic quality is not up to the other finds.

More than eight hundred pieces of jewelry have been found, chiefly in the two caches of the long gallery. The jeweller's work is remarkable. It looks like cloisonné enamelling, but the enamel is really an incrustation of precious stones set in low gold walls. The amethysts are often of a peculiar black-violet hue. Emeralds, turquoises, carnelians, and obsidian are used for their colors with barbaric but artistic skill. Some of the figures carved in hard stone scarabs are very brilliant, surpassing in artistic effect the work of later ages.

At the south pyramid little has been found, except remains of a portal before the eastern face, a section of rose-marble column, and, on another side, no less than eleven separate shafts, such as lead to tombs. Near the surface were traces of bench-shaped chapels, and great were the expectations! But here a terrible disappointment befell, hard to support at any time, but worse in hot weather. Only two of these shafts had been pushed to completion, and they, although each had its deep-lying grave, contained nothing of importance. They must have been begun for persons who perished by war or flood, or perhaps changed their minds and started a grave somewhere else. Perhaps some of those for whom they were intended incurred the wrath of the monarch, and their dishonored corpses were not allowed to be buried at all.

The pursuit for the grave of one of these three famous kings continues. Any day the cable may announce it. Meantime M. de Morgan has been cheered once more by a very peculiar find. About two hundred yards to the south of the northern pyramid he chose a spot in the sands, and on the 1st of May struck the roof of a vaulted gallery, closed by a wall at the eastern end, and turning to a narrow pass at the western. Beyond the wall to the east were great masses of broken stone from the Tourab quarries across the Nile. Working into these, on the 13th and 14th of May two big galleys were found, each about thirty feet long, richly painted, and in a fine state of preservation.


HOR FOU-AB-RA.
A King of the Twelfth Dynasty.

In themselves these are unique survivals, but they indicate much more. They are specimens of the celebrated funeral boats we see on the walls of graves in Egypt, which carried the corpse from the east to the west bank of the Nile, symbolizing the journey from birth to death, as well as the sun's march from east to west. It is as if one found the royal hearse. Can the royal corpse be far away?

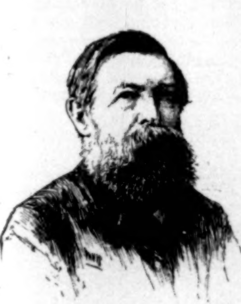
C. de K.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND FRANCE.

BY H. WICKHAM STEED.

II.—ENGLAND.

According to a contemporary French writer,* socialism in England is "essentially a question of the stomach—of ale and roast beef." The statement is not literally exact, but in so far as it is merely a Gallic formula for expressing the characteristically practical bent of the British mind it is not without a certain element of truth. In England socialism is economic rather than directly political in character. It takes chiefly the form of a tendency to extend collective control of individual enterprise, instead of being, as in Germany, mainly an organized protest against the existing régime. The movement in its present form is not more than a dozen years old, its inception having been directly due to the influence of Karl Marx, and indirectly to the propaganda of Mr. Henry George; but the socialistic trend of English politics is much older, as is shown by the growth of factory, sanitary, and working-class legislation. Outside the working-classes, also, a large mass of pro-socialist opinion has been forming in England since the early decades of the century. The much-discussed theories of Robert Owen, the influence of Maurice, Kingsley, and the Christian socialists, the vigorous emotionalism of Carlyle and Ruskin, and the writings of John Stuart Mill, have all tended to discredit bourgeois ideals, and to create a reaction against the narrow individualism of the "Manchester" school of economists. It was reserved, however, for Marx, Engels, and other Continental refugees, who escaped to England from Germany after the disturbances of 1848, to give to socialist thought its present distinctively economic character. Nevertheless, apart from the famous "International Association," no purely socialist organization existed in England until 1883, when an association of London radical clubs was transformed into the Social-Democratic Federation, with the object of spreading the principles of Marxian socialism amongst the proletariat—a work which has ever since been carried on with great vigor and considerable success, although the efficacy of the propaganda has been somewhat diminished by too loyal an adherence to the abstract traditions of Marx. Mr. H. M. Hyndman is the moving spirit in the federation, which now boasts eighty-two branches, and undoubtedly exercises considerable influence upon the working-class population in large towns.


FREDERICK ENGELS.

Shortly after the formation of the Social-Democratic Federation, some of its members, including Mr. William Morris the well-known poet and art-worker, and others who had leanings toward theoretical anarchism, withdrew, and founded the Socialist League, which continued in existence until 1890, when it was broken up, owing to dissensions caused by the anarchist element in its ranks. Mr. Morris and his friends thereupon formed the Hammersmith Socialist Society, which still carries on an active educational and propagandist work.

Contemporaneously with the foundation of the Socialist League there came into being a little body of middle-class students and littérateurs, known as the Fabian Society. Its most prominent members were Messrs. Bernard Shaw and Sidney Webb. The importance of the society lies rather in the fact that it is a genuine and partially successful attempt to adapt socialism to the peculiar conditions of English life than in its numerical strength. From the beginning the Fabians have been—to borrow Bebel's phrase—in a continual state of intellectual "moult," and both their past success and present influence are due rather to their constant readiness to profit by experience and to seize passing opportunities than to any natural superiority to the follies of incipient socialism. The work of the society is mainly educational, and as yet only indirectly political. Its policy has been to permeate the press and the middle classes with socialistic ideas by means of tracts, public meetings, and lectures. Several Fabians have been elected to the London County Council, where their devotion to the cause of municipal reform has gained them the name of "gas and water" socialists.

The difference between the various socialist organizations is rather one of tactics and sphere of influence than of principle. Last year, indeed, a joint council was formed, which on May 1st issued a manifesto setting forth in vigorous language the aims of English socialists and the necessary steps for their realization. According to this document English socialists one and all desire "to obtain for the whole community complete ownership and control of the means of transport, the means of manufacture, the mines, and the land. Thus they hope to put an end forever to the wage system, to sweep away all distinctions of class, and eventually to establish national and international communism on a sound basis." After repudiating as reactionary both the doctrines and tactics of anarchism, the manifesto goes on to demand the following reforms: An eight-hours day; prohibition of child labor for wages; free maintenance of all necessitous children; equal payment of men and women for equal work; and adequate minimum wage for all adults employed in government or municipal services or in monopolies such as railways enjoying state privileges; suppression of sub-contracting and sweating; universal suffrage for all adults, men and women alike; public payment for all public service.

Socialism in England does not wear the same anti-religious aspect as in Germany and France, and earnest Christians are to be found in the ranks of all socialist societies. There exist also several socialist organizations of a religious character—such as the Guild of St. Matthew and the Christian Social Union—composed of Christians who emphasize the social side of their religion, or give prominence to the fact that the realization of the Christian ideal would necessarily involve a communistic state of society. These bodies represent a widely distributed mass of pro-socialist opinion, which in a country like England, where religious sentiment still plays an important part in the national life, would considerably lessen opposition to socialistic reforms.

The purely socialist organizations in England, however, are insignificant when compared with the great trades-unions, which are, in fact, national institutions. Until recently they eschewed all political action, preferring to trust to trade combination alone for the attainment of their ends. But since the rise of the "new unionism," based on the recognition of the necessity for political action, the older trades-unions have been gradually abandoning their former position and are now almost unanimous in favor of legislative regulation of industry. That the last trades-union congress should have done little but reaffirm resolutions passed a month earlier at the Zurich International Socialist Congress shows, too, that the permeation of the trades-union movement by socialistic ideas is proceeding apace. An analogous process is going on amongst the co-operative societies, most of which are essentially collectivist in character. They are building up a vast democratic distributive system, which would be a factor of the utmost importance should some future socialist legislator attempt to nationalize the means of distribution.

Best known of all English socialists is Mr. John Burns, a man with an extraordinary capacity for organization and leadership and of great oratorical power. He was formerly a working engineer, but by dint of hard study has made good the deficiencies of his early education. In 1889 he was invited by the London dock laborers to assist them in their struggle for better conditions of work, and it was during this strike, which he led in conjunction with Messrs. Tom Mann and Ben Tillett, that Burns first displayed those qualities which render him the most popular of English labor-leaders. The same year saw him a member of the London County Council, and in July, 1892, he was elected to Parliament as socialist and labor member for Battersea. His fellow-workmen subscribe to pay him the wages he would otherwise earn at his trade, and in their interests he has worked both on the Council and in the House of Commons with a steady determination that has borne excellent fruit.

Personally "Jack Burns" is small of stature but sturdy of build, and although only thirty-five years of age his black hair is thickly streaked with gray. His rare practical good sense, coupled with his straightforward honesty, have won him many friends in the House of Commons, and in this respect Burns differs greatly from some other working-class leaders, who, by parading their revolutionary sentiments, injure the cause they have at heart. Burns's indignation will sometimes overflow when speaking of these men. "Idiots!" he will exclaim. "The only possible game to play at present is one of scientific opportunism. Some people imagine that a revolution in England would produce the millennium; I tell you it would produce a pandemonium. I know that the middle classes are going to rule this country for the next fifty years at least, for they possess the intelligence and organizing ability, and socialist, trades-unionist, and labor member though I am, and though my working-class instinct is as strong as ever, I had rather it were thus than that the cause of the workers and the interests of the nation should be wrecked by a junta of revolutionaries, who, taken together, haven't sufficient brains to run a whelk-stall. I don't intend to take up an impossible position in Parliament, nor to make a brilliant fool of myself, but shall stick quietly at my work. And," continued Mr. Burns in a lower voice, "the curious part of it all is that the very men who on Saturday denounce me for 'having deserted the cause of labor,' come on Monday to beg me to help them find employment under the County Council. I fear that before socialists and labor men have learned to think, not 'the state for me,' but 'I for the state,' jobbery and corruption will have made sad havoc in their ranks."

John Burns is perhaps best known in connection with the agitation for the legal eight-hours day, which he believes to be an indispensable preliminary to the solution of graver social problems. Therefore it is interesting to note that the government has recently promised him to introduce the eight-hours day into all the departments of the Admiralty and War Office—a most important concession, since in England the government is by far the largest employer of labor.

Bracketed with the name of John Burns should be that of Mr. Tom Mann, another working engineer. Like Burns, he is a man of sterling character, and in large measure self-educated. His crusade against the present social system dates from 1884, when he lectured on Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*. As an ardent student of Ruskin he is inclined to emphasize the ethical rather than the economic side of socialism, and a short time since great stir was created by the announcement that he was about to take orders as an Anglican clergyman—an announcement that evoked a loud chorus of protest in socialist and labor circles, the general feeling being that for so sturdy a social democrat as Tom Mann to take church pay and wear church yoke would be to stultify himself forever. He decided, however, not to take the step, and shortly afterwards published a very heavy indictment of the churches, declaring that where they are not apathetic

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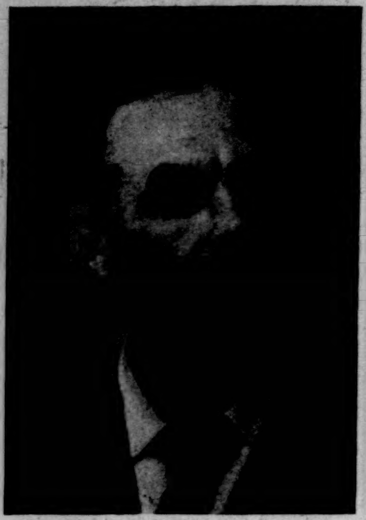
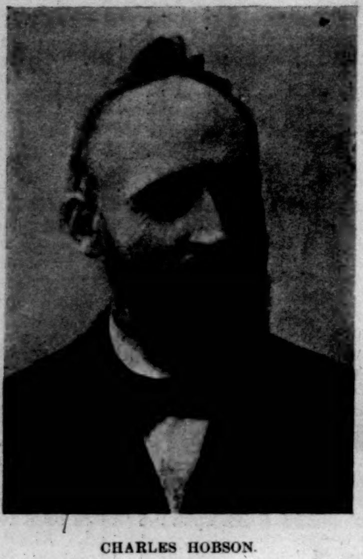
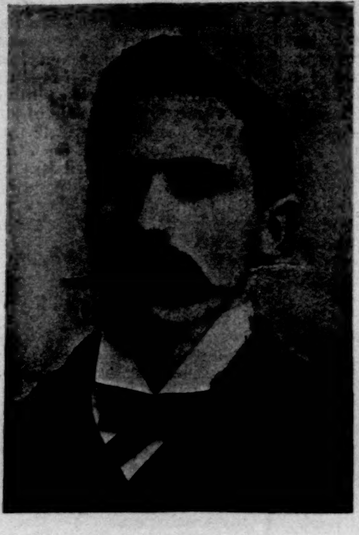
* J. Bourdeau: *Le Socialisme Allemand et le Nihilisme Russe.*



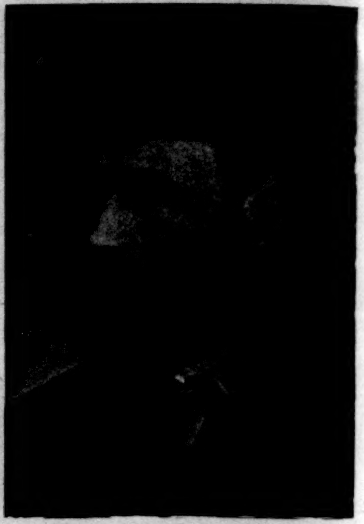
JOHN BURNS.
Photographed by W. & D. Downey.



CHARLES HOBSON.



TOM MANN.



J. KEIR-HARDIE.
Photographed by Elliott & Fry.

they are distinctly hostile to the well-being of the people. He says, "I have come to the conclusion, and know that it is the belief of thousands of others, that if we seek aid in this country as a body of workers, if we seek righteous dealing, we cannot find it in those who attend and support orthodox churches." Nevertheless, Mr. Mann recently told me that the English working-classes were not necessarily hostile to religion, and that he considered the ethical side of the labor question to be of the utmost importance. "There are many socialists," he said, "who take only the economic side of socialism into account, neglecting altogether its moral aspect, upon which, in my opinion, equal stress should be laid. It is this which renders the co-operative movement so important; for it, of all kinds of working-class enterprise, affords the most valuable moral training to those who engage in it." Tom Mann believes that the interests of the working-classes in Parliament should be intrusted to a separate group of labor representatives rather than to the tender mercies of a mainly bourgeois Liberal party, partially leavened with socialistic ideas though it be, and therefore he favors the attempt now being made to organize an independent labor party. Mr. Mann has recently been elected secretary of the organization known as the Independent Labor Party.

Mention should here be made of Mr. Keir-Hardie, an honest but somewhat misguided man of considerable ability and much force of character. Originally a miner, he has by application and effort acquired a position of influence in the labor movement, having been in 1892 elected to Parliament. Practically, though not confessedly, he is a revolutionary socialist, and in the House of Commons has taken up an irreconcilable position, caring for none of the ordinary issues of the political strife. He has taken the unemployed under his special protection, and his speeches are often marked by genuine eloquence; but his working-man's dress and brusque manner, whilst endearing him to the caricaturists, have not rendered him popular in the House of Commons, where he persists in regarding with distrustful suspicion many who would willingly aid him in his work.

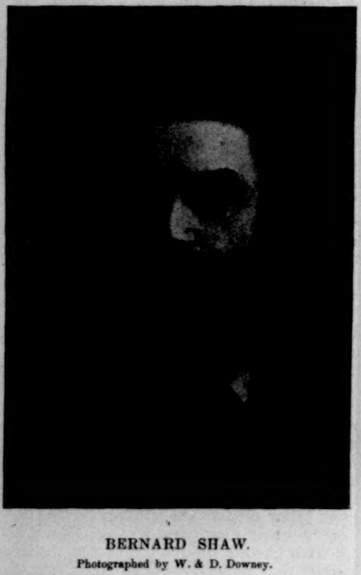
Other well-known figures in the labor and socialistic movement are Mr. Benjamin Pickard, M.P., president of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, who, with Mr. Samuel Woods, M.P., generalled the miners through their victorious but long and bitter struggle during the latter half of 1893; Mr. Charles Hobson, of the Labor Electoral Association, and chairman of the British section at the Zurich Socialist Congress in August last—a man of genial disposition and scrupulous fairness, who has worked long and arduously in the cause of the international organization of labor; Mr. Sidney Webb, of the Fabian Society and London County Council. Few men at the age of thirty-four can boast such a record as his. At once an economist and man of letters, lecturer and statistician, authority on civil law and jurisprudence, and specialist on all questions of London government and reform, he is a man thoroughly imbued with the democratic spirit, combining in a rare degree theoretical with practical knowledge, and utilizing both to the uttermost. He recently married Miss Beatrice Potter, a lady whom excellent statistical work on the conditions of life in the East End of London, as well as her connection with the co-operative and trades-union movements, had already rendered famous. Husband and wife are now preparing an exhaustive history of trades-unionism, of which the first volume—a veritable masterpiece of objective historical work—recently appeared.

Well known in London socialistic circles is also Mr. Bernard Shaw, of the Fabian Society. He is an Irishman, full of the humor and audacity of his race, and an orator of considerable power. Nor should the names of Dr. Aveling and Mrs. Marx-Aveling be forgotten, than whom there exist no harder workers in the socialistic cause. The former was associated with the late Mr. Bradlaugh, and is also known as a co-popularizer of evolutionist philosophy with Professors Huxley and Tyndall. The latter, youngest daughter of Karl Marx, is a woman of great energy and ability, who seems to have inherited no small share of her father's genius.

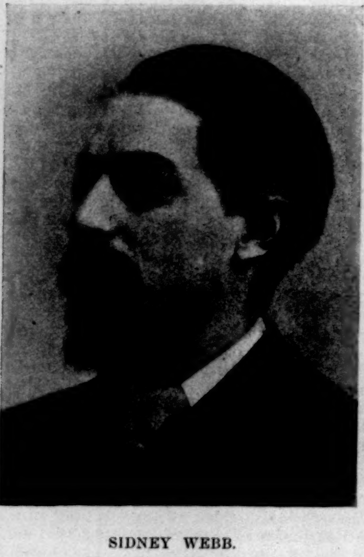
WILLIAM MORRIS.
Photographed by Elliott & Fry.

No account of English socialism would, however, be complete without mention of Mr. William Morris. It is difficult to say in which of his many characters he is seen to the greatest advantage—whether as poet, art-worker, novelist, lecturer, or socialist. As author of "The Earthly Paradise" he is dear to lovers of poetry, as founder of the Kelmscott Press he is beloved of bibliophiles, as writer of *News from Nowhere* he is known to the novel-reading public, and most socialists are familiar with his *Signs of Change*. His views upon the nature and functions of art resemble those of Mr. Ruskin, and he holds that all worthy schools of art must be in the future, as they have been in the past, an outcome of popular aspiration towards the beauty and pleasure of life. Genuine art Mr. Morris declares to be impossible while the useful classes of society are harassed by sordid cares, and therefore the first step towards a new birth of art must be a definite rise in the condition of the workers. Mr. Morris looks to socialism to effect the needed improvement.

Probably in no country in the world is the tendency towards socialism stronger than in England; and yet, owing to the peculiar character of English institutions, it is extremely difficult to gauge its influence, scope, or importance as a political force. The existing socialist organizations afford no criterion, for their membership is constantly changing, and, as a result of the present electoral system, no satisfactory record of the aggregate socialist vote can be obtained. The progress of socialism must therefore be measured by the general, although for the most part unconscious, growth of the collectivist instinct, as evidenced by the spread of municipal socialism, of the co-operative movement, of political trades-unionism, and of legislative control over industry. That municipal socialism is growing is shown by the fact that more than half the gas at present consumed in England is made by the citizens in their collective capacity, whilst water supply has become almost universally a matter of public provision. Municipalities are also absorbing the tramway industry, and either decline to accept private contracts for public works, or stipulate that employés of contractors shall not be paid less than trades-union rates of wages, and not work more than a certain number of hours daily. County Councils are beginning to provide work for the unemployed, whilst the justice of the socialistic principle of "betterment," and the right of the community to the "unearned increment" in property, are becoming generally recognized. Liberalism of the old individualistic type is being increasingly discredited, even so philosophical a Radical as Mr. John Morley now accepting the eight-hours bill, and declaring that "unfettered individual competition is not a principle to which the regulation of industry may be intrusted." The Liberal party itself has lost much of its former hold upon the working-classes, but the great trades-unions still decline to play a political rôle, notwithstanding the formation of an "independent labor party" with an advanced socialistic programme. The Liberal party, purged of its capitalist elements, may possibly become the socialist party of the future, but however this may be, it is growing increasingly clear that in England, as on the Continent, the political struggle of the future will take place, not between two capitalist parties, but between the representatives of labor on the one hand and those of capital on the other—between the forces of collectivism and of individualism. There is, however, no reason to doubt that the general character of the socialist movement in England will, as Karl Marx himself foresaw, continue to be of the same peaceful and gradual description as hitherto, in this respect differing from those of Continental countries, where the proletarian struggle will not improbably be accompanied by more or less violence and disorder.

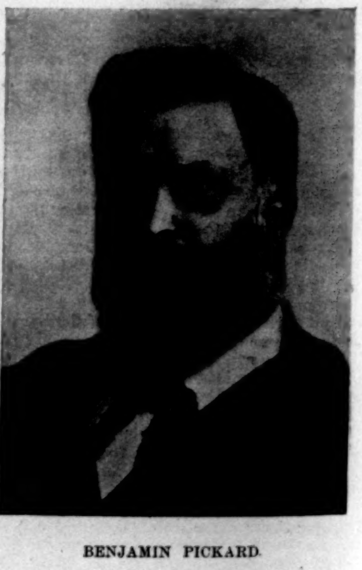


BERNARD SHAW.
Photographed by W. & D. Downey.



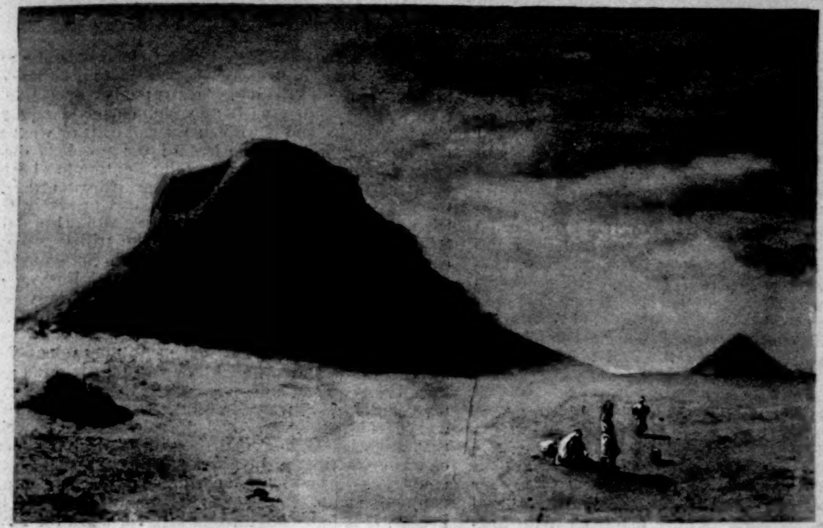
SIDNEY WEBB.
Photographed by Elliott & Fry.

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.
Photographed by Elliott & Fry.

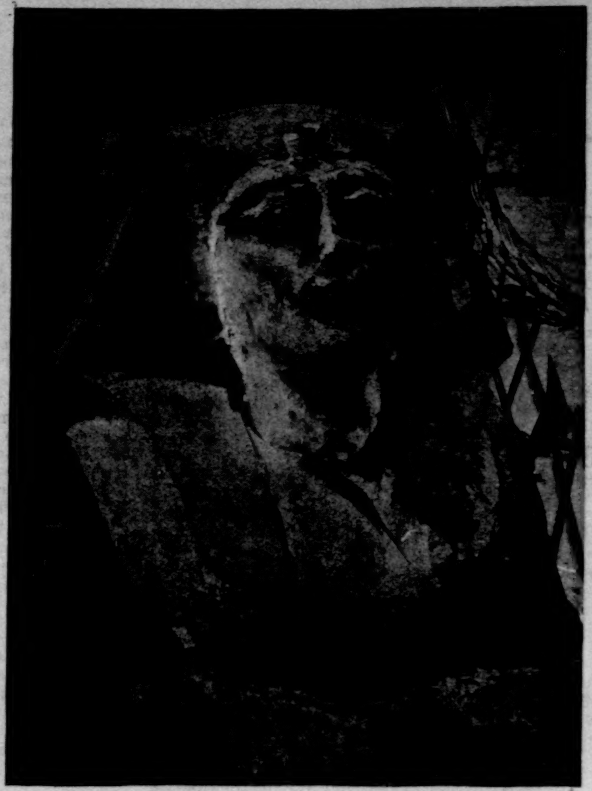


BENJAMIN PICKARD.

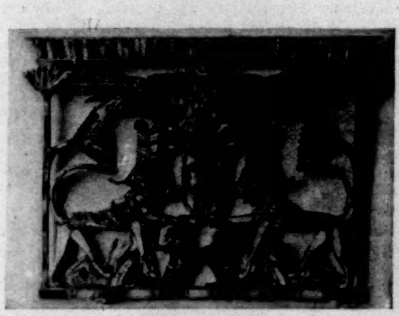
A GROUP OF ENGLISH SOCIALISTS.



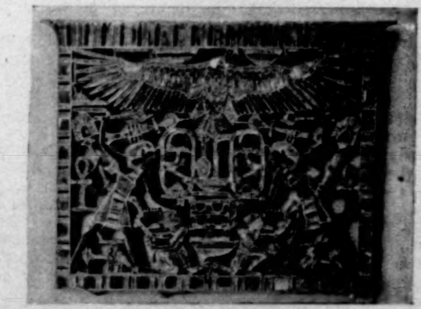
SOUTHERN BRICK PYRAMID, STONE PYRAMID IN DISTANCE.



MASK OVER FACE OF MUMMY OF KING HOR FOU-AB-RA.



BREAST ORNAMENT WITH NAME OF USERTSEN III.



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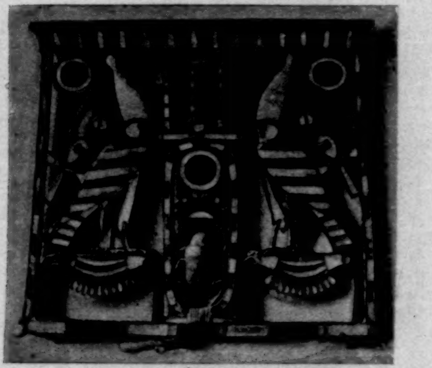
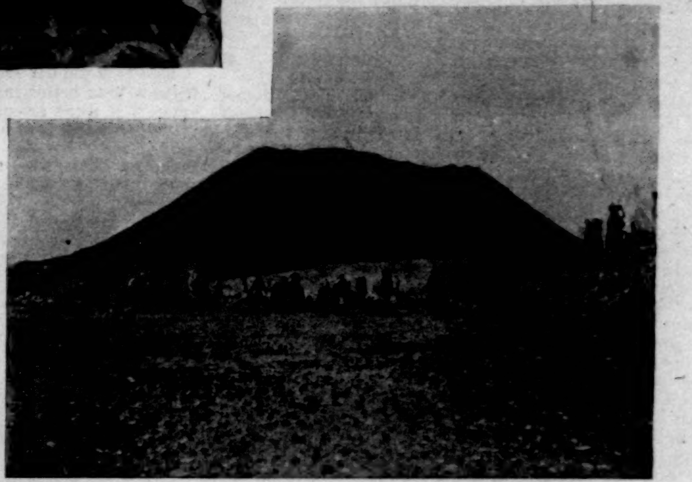
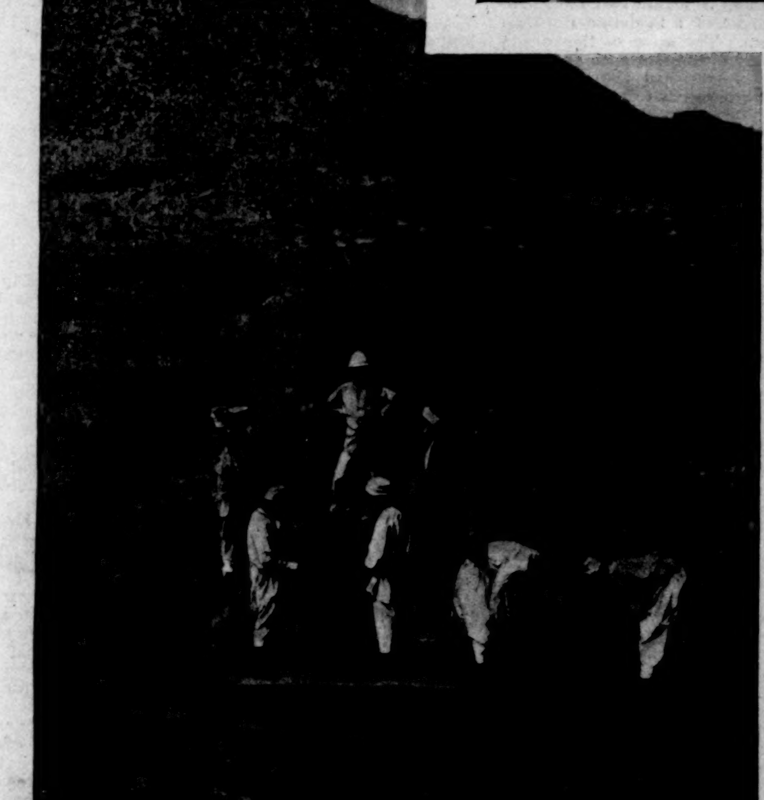


BREAST ORNAMENT WITH NAME OF USERTSEN II.



THE NORTHERN BRICK PYRAMID—NATIVES AT WORK ON EXCAVATIONS.



MOUTH OF DE MORGAN'S SHAFT TO THE TOMB OF PRINCESSES.

DIRECTOR GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS, NEAR NORTH BRICK PYRAMID.

THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT DASHUR, EGYPT.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE fact that the June number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contained an article by Mr. Alfred Parsons, and the rumor that in the July number there will be a story by Mr. C. S. Reinhart, give opportune occasion to remark the growing propensity of the contemporary illustrator to do two men's work. Time was when the illustrator was largely dependent upon the author for his job. Before he could illustrate, the author had to write something worth illustrating, and if nothing of the requisite quality was produced, the illustrator had to paint signs, houses, portraits, landscapes, historical pictures, or anything that was within his power, and marketable when finished. Those were times when illustrators looked upon authors with respect, and thougnt it no shame themselves to be indifferent spellers and doubtful grammarians. As time sped, and the picture-papers and illustrated magazines perfected their grasp upon the public intelligence, the illustrator's job grew surer and more regular. Whereas literature had been the staple of the periodicals, and pictures merely a supplementary attraction, it began to happen that the pictures were the indispensable thing, and the reading matter the thread that they were strung on. Promptly the illustrator ceased to revere the author, but still regarded him with a friendly eye as a convenient accessory to his own art. Good literature ceased to be indispensably precedent to illustrations, but at least the demand for pictures still meant work for writers, since the impression still prevailed that writing and drawing were separate arts. So writers and illustrators still continued on terms of amicable interdependence, and if the illustrators began to condescend, the writers overlooked it, as became their lessened consequence. But, alas! in due course of time—and it did not take long—through continued association with writers, the illustrators learned to spell, and got still further insight in the writers' trade. Presently the more intelligent of them began in leisure moments to experiment with literary composition.

It was not long before such pioneers as Mr. Francis Hopkinson Smith discovered that when an artist was too tired to practise art or his other professions, there was nothing to hinder him from writing, nor yet from selling what he wrote if he could find a purchaser. What the end will be no man can tell; but the startling growth among illustrators of the disposition to juggle with the parts of speech is filling writers everywhere with well-grounded apprehensions. Mr. Du Maurier, after thirty years of successful devotion to his proper calling, drops into novel-writing with what every struggling writer must regard as sickening success. Mr. F. S. Church is forming the habit of throwing in a bear story with every group of bears. Mr. Remington does not scruple to garnish his horseflesh with narratives of adventure, nor Mr. Zogbaum to spin yarns about the warriors and seadogs that it is his pleasure to depict, nor Mr. Hamilton Gibson to tell of the fields and flowers. Now Mr. Reinhart begins to write the stories his people figure in, and presently we shall hear that Mr. Frost has got himself a spelling-book and type-writer and has joined the Authors' Club. Little remains except for some one to evolve the theory that Mr. Edwin Abbey is the real author of Shakespeare's plays. What is to become of the authors is a question over which the authors are fully warranted in losing some sleep. They cannot carry the war into Africa; for though it is evidently feasible for illustrators to learn late in life to spell, for an aged writer with failing eyesight to learn to draw is quite a different matter, since to draw pictures is a serious business, and not to be achieved by instinct alone. Something may be hoped for from the magnanimity of the illustrators, but not much, for it is the law of nature that the fittest shall survive, and the magnanimity of individuals, while it might postpone the realization of nature's purposes, is hardly likely to interrupt them long. The author's chief hope, therefore, must lie in the knowledge that the illustrator's proper trade is so much more lucrative than his subsidiary industry that he will hardly be willing to give more than a limited share of his time to writing. Possibly the demand for literature is greater than the illustrators can meet without encroaching on the hours of their more important work. The authors will hope that it is, for if not, their prospects are gloomy enough to warrant them in appealing to Congress for legislation.

As if the city minister were not already too much envied of his fellows, the inconsiderate *Outlook* prints pictures of him in the various disguises under which he takes his vacation. It shows us Dr. Rainsford out on a Rocky Mountain horse after big game; the Rev. Jo. Twitchell, of Hartford, the associate of Twain and Warner, in his fishing-clothes, with pole and basket; and Dr. Parkhurst in knickerbockers, with his alpenstock and the rug he carries when he climbs among the Alps. Dr. Parkhurst says that "high work among the Alps" for a couple of months every summer does him a lot of good, and he wonders that more Americans don't spend a part, at least, of their vacation that way. Dr. Twitchell finds edifying analogies between angling and love, and Dr. Rainsford dwells upon the reviving influences of six weeks spent out-of-doors high up in the Rockies with elk and grizzlies for an occupation. Each tells his story well, but the impression that sinks deepest into the lay reader's mind is not so much of elk, or Alp, or spotted trout, as of the great superiority of the city clergymen to other men in the matter of the summer vacation. There are probably some drawbacks to being a city clergyman, but when June comes he certainly has the advantage of his fellows. His business leaves him, at least in great measure, and it becomes his sincere duty to go away and have just as much fun as he can, that his abilities may be the more powerful for good in October. Perhaps, after all, it is as well that he should tell about his joyful outing, for in these days of heresy trials and harassments the drawbacks to the clerical profession are brought pretty thoroughly to the fore, and to magnify its compensations is one way to keep a balance in its favor.

A notable triumph of American principles appears in a report of the decision of the United States Board on Geographic Names that Wood's Holl in Massachusetts shall hereafter be officially known as Wood's Hole. It may not be known to all the readers of the WEEKLY that Wood's Hole is on the south coast of Massachusetts, and is the most easterly of a number of channels which connect Buzzard's Bay with the Vineyard Sound. Going the shortest way from New Bedford to Nantucket or Cottage City, you sail through Wood's Hole. Further west there are other channels of the same sort, five or ten miles apart, separating the Elizabeth Islands. These are all Holes too, as Quick's Hole, and across the Sound, on Martha's Vineyard Island, there used to be Holmes's Hole, which was really not a hole at all, but a harbor, and was rechristened "Vineyard Haven" in the interest of the summer trade. Remarking upon the frequency of Holes in this neighborhood, discoverers from Boston presently, in their learned blindness, agreed that the Holes were not holes, but Scandinavian Holls, left by the Norsemen in evidence of their early visits to this coast. Being persons of influence, these summer innovators actually got the popular spelling changed to suit their theories. It is creditable to the Board of Geographic Names that it should have squelched their impertinence, and authoritatively determined that a Hole is a hole.

Everybody remembers Pundita Ramabai, who came to this country to raise money for the improvement of the condition of widows in India, and who excited the warmest interest wherever she went. With the money that she raised here and in England she founded a refuge and school for Indian child-widows at Poonah, which apparently she still conducts. But Professor Max Müller, in a letter to the London *Times*, complains that the law has not protected her. Girls who have taken refuge with her, after escaping from the cruelties of their relations, have had to be given up when discovered and claimed by their relatives. Then, too, she made herself obnoxious to her countrymen by embracing Christianity, and though she has conscientiously abstained from proselyting, her native supporters have left her, and most of her pupils have been taken away. Professor Müller declares that there is a great field in India for a society for the prevention of cruelty to children, and child-widows in particular. He calls upon the Indian Gerrys to bestir themselves, and combine to wipe off the blot on their national honor, and make the Indian widows happy.

A hearty protest appears in the London *Times* against the proposal of the North British Railway Company to build a hotel ninety feet high on the south side of Princes Street in Edinburgh. Hitherto the height of buildings on that side of that street has been limited to sixty feet, but the railway people have induced the corporation of the city to let them go a third higher, and a bill confirming that privilege has been introduced in Parliament. The *Times's* objection is that the proposed building will damage the view both of the Calton Hill and from it, and dwarf the buildings and monuments on Princes Street, which are the pride of the city. It insists that "the planting of such a building in Princes Street, Edinburgh, has something so incongruous about it that it makes one despair of the capabilities of the British nation to construct and preserve any beautiful bit of city architecture."

Think of a building of a mere thirty yards in height being incongruous in these times anywhere! Blessed be the town where such a thing can be! It is handsome of the *Times* to take such an interest in Edinburgh's beauty, though strange indeed that the douce Scots have not looked after it themselves.

A contemporary paragrapher who gossips about several eminent Americans now resident in Europe says of one of them:

> "He is quite deaf, according to the gossips, and conversation with him at dinner is by no means an easy matter if the other guests eat with their knives, rattle their plates, upset the dishes, pour their tea out in their saucers and then blow it vigorously to cool it off, and indulge in any of the other customary pleasantries of the fashionable dinner party."

This paragrapher seems not to be aware that most deaf persons hear better in the midst of a moderate din than when it is quiet around them. The noise of the cars in travel, or the whir of machinery in mills, or such an imaginary dinner-table clamor as is suggested above, helps to make up the volume of sound necessary to reach their impaired organs. An amusing illustration appears in the case of a very venerable deaf gentleman who lived quite alone. On the very rare occasions when he had a visitor he used to busy himself shaking down the ashes in his coal stove, that by dint of the supplementary clamor he might catch what his visitor had to say.

E. S. MARTIN.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CADETS AT THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY GENERAL LEW. WALLACE

GENTLEMEN of the Academy, the Board of Visitors, of which I have the honor to be a member, are unwilling, after witnessing your many varied and excellent performances, to separate without a direct expression of the interest you have excited in them. They have therefore selected me to speak in their behalf as well as my own.

Let me begin, gentlemen, with a confession. I am not unconscious of my years. Their weight is upon me; yet I remember the days of my youth, when the making of life was my most sacred privilege. And looking backward now, I tell you soberly there is nothing in life so beautiful as manly youth. A sound philosophy forbids me envying you its possession; at the same time, did I envy you, there would be much reason for it. Speaking representatively, I am more than your friend, more than your comrade. I am your lover, and loving you is but loving our country.

I said did I envy you there would be much reason in the envy. Do not treat the utterance too lightly. Do not dismiss it as an idle compliment. Hear me first. Supposing distinction your ultimate aim, it is not in these days enough that you are favored with health, strength, education, and all the physical and mental graces of which superiority is compounded. No man ever was, no man ever will be, great, except he have opportunities to manifest himself. Here is why you move me so greatly: When you pass out the door yonder look up thankfully, then look down and be glad, for at your feet there begins a road lined with opportunities exclusively yours; and I caution you so thickly will that road be found strewn with opportunities that if you run your races undistinguished amongst your fellowmen, fail not, as you love justice, to exonerate the government which has so enriched you with its paternal God-speed.

Now, gentlemen, it were very unwise, not to say unfair, to tell you of the opportunities with which the course beginning at the door yonder is strewn for you, and stop there. Allow me to explain. Let say what will, the American press has one virtue which, in my judgment, quite redeems its every fault. It makes haste, on the appearance of evil, to give us instant warning. Take up any respectable paper, read it, and, strange as it may sound and seem, a revolution is upon us, and if we ask the end of it or what will be left after its passage, the last of the prophets died long ago. Of this much we are certain: fighting has begun, and both the government and society are threatened. Accept the suggestion, and think about it, and presently some of the opportunities within my meaning will arise and shape themselves before you. Indeed, there will be occupation, and plenty of it, for those of you who do not go to sea.

Next, to such of you as do go to sea. Be you also of good cheer; for though the sea is pathless, the winds that make their play-grounds on it will be found alive with chances of distinction and good service.

It were useless denying that up to the present the army has been more a favorite with our people than the navy. I have belonged to it in two wars, and deny now the slightest wavering in my loyalty to its dead and living, to its Scotts and Taylors, its Grants and Sheridans, more especially to that mightier host of unprofessionals who volunteered in emergencies, and must continue nameless because they were countless. Wherefore you will not suspect me of a doubtful motive when I declare to you deliberately that the day is near, if it have not already arrived, when the navy is to transcend the army in popular favor.

This I think but a rational deduction. The work of the army is done. The Indians are quieted. They are in reservations. With a few exceptions, the tribes are turning farmers. The untamables amongst them are buried with their hatchets. There are no frontiers for them to harry. A sea of settlements has swallowed them. Or if they are again heard of, it will be as voters. So much for the present. Next, what does the future hold for the army? What one promise of glory or popularity, or opportunity for either? Will we ever again turn to it for a President?

Let us first try to unveil what may be for it within our borders. The revolution of which I have spoken is bound to evoke the militia. It is the signal for raising up the despised national guards for the defence of the States, leaving the regulars but a well organized and officered reserve. If occasionally the latter are called out, the victories awaiting them must be victories over mobs. In brief, it looks—and I say it in no spirit of malice—it looks as if henceforth the life of the regular is to be that of the barracks. In a word, gentlemen, here at home there are no sections to collide with each other, and no occasion for sections. A loving Providence has so ordered that to insure eternal peace the people have but to smother their demagogues.

With no prospect of service at home of a kind contributive to glory in sight, let us turn our best search light to discover, if possible, what may be offered the army from abroad. No foreign nation is disposed to quarrel with us. They are the dependents, not we. Our resources are immeasurable. We can grow without them. They are not rash enough to seriously invade us. Or, if it please you, fancy an invading army disembarked upon our coast! It may amuse you to locate their descent, and, studying our railroad facilities for the concentration of troops, say how far they could penetrate before being overwhelmed like Burgoyne. Passing then to the probabilities of an invasion on our part, we have but two neighbors, Canada and Mexico, and their weakness is their safeguard. We cannot afford to bully them. Or if they should provoke us beyond endurance, there might be profit—though in one case at least that is doubtful—in the acquisition of territory, but not enough true glory to fill a lady's thimble. In fact, a country more exposed to attack from us than Canada cannot be named. She offers a flank broad as the distance between oceans. One railroad connects her frontiers. To cut it once would work irremediable division. A million men launched at her in supporting columns would reduce the conquest to a summer's campaign. With regard to Mexico, she is safe; for it is never to be forgotten that we have taken the republics of the Western world under protection, and are educated to believe our chiefest honor, not to speak of advantage, lies in an honest assertion of the Monroe doctrine, to the author of which Brazil will this summer erect a monument.

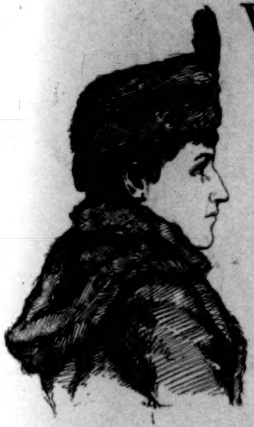
Turn now from this picture of the future of the army to its corollary relative to the navy. I have not committed myself, you will observe, to an assertion that there will be no more wars; that would be an Arcadian dream. In my judgment one of the greatest of wars, and in many respects the most interesting, is just before us. In no other way is it possible to adjust dominion in Asia and Africa. To be sure, we will have no part in it; yet, there is no end to the greed of nations, and the Pacific coast from Alaska to the Horn, and the Atlantic coast from the Horn to Halifax, bear temptations more frequent than light-houses. What is the Monroe doctrine other than a standing challenge to the powers of Europe, singly or in combination? The next ship from Honolulu may bring a cause of war; and, for that matter, the Nicaragua Canal, though but in proposition, is a nest-egg of war. The world at large looks with unloving eyes upon lines of trade in close monopoly. Undoubtedly hostilities will come; they are inevitable; but when come, where will the fighting be? *Mira*, young gentlemen! Behold your opportunities! In that day how many places will need your ships! How often your White Squadrons will be looked for from cathedral spires in threatened cities! How many ears will be bent listening for the welcome thunder of your guns in the offing below the water-line! If, after gallant effort, you are beaten, there will be tears for you plenteous as rain; if you are victorious, heavens! how you will be whelmed by resolutions unanimously adopted, and by snuff-boxes and swords and canes, and by notes in scented envelopes praying your pictures and autographs! And when you bring your prizes in, look for the army amongst the spectators gathered on the shore to salute you for dear Old Glory's sake!

As said, I may not grudge you your youth, or your education, or your happy start in life, or the high hopes aflower in your hearts, or your honorable ambitions; but, as the truth may earn me salvation, I wish with all my soul I were young again and a cadet in the navy. For I do believe the lights which from the beginning have been most alluring to brave men have been transferred from the land to the sea. I do believe that the guns are now fashioned about which you will be called in oft-repeated struggles for renown in life or enduring monuments in death.

In conclusion, the Board of Visitors bid me declare, young gentlemen, that from what they have seen of the Academy, and the systems prevalent in it, especially from the exhibitions given by the classes, they congratulate your officers and professors, and bid me say they have faith in you all, and wish you farewell.

THE IROQUOIS OF THE GRAND RIVER.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON—ILLUSTRATED BY A. H. H. HEMING.



MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

WITHIN the last decade public interest in the North American Indians has undergone a revival, whether induced by the fact that the red man is making a final and powerful effort to obtain a hearing of his wrongs, and emphasizing this endeavor by frequent bloodshed in the far West, or whether by the renewed and assiduous application of ethnologists and archæologists to Indian subjects, it is difficult to decide. The latter may well direct their attentions to the investigation and study of this probably most romantic and poetic people the world has ever known, for the day is wellnigh dead for the purity of ceremonial rites, folk-lore, and tradition amongst their many hundred nations, for civilization and intermarriage are adulterating those exclusive tribal ordinances that for many centuries have been the stronghold of a most conservative race.

With the exception of Finland, the country is unknown that possesses such wealth of folk-lore as America. There are mines of unchronicled legends and superstitions, each colored by tribal distinctions, that scholars will never unearth, and that will perish with the people whose blood grows annually thinner and paler as their prairies receive the "white man's footprint," as their rivers ripple to the dip of his oars, as their forests fall at the hurling of his axe, and who will themselves be but a tradition and a memory in the lapse of a century or so.

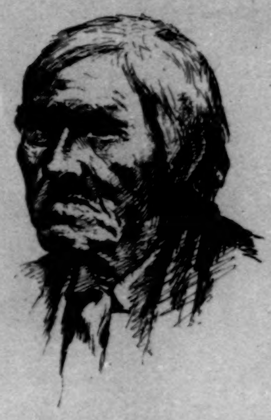
Probably the most famous and well-known Indian nation, both on the pages of history and in the press of to-day, is the Iroquois, that magnificent people whose name was synonymous with war, blood, and bravery throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and whose descendants still possess much of the fire and all of the exclusive birthrights of tradition so jealously treasured by their ancestors.

The six distinct tribes that compose the Iroquois nation, being the Mohawk, Cayuga, Onondaga, Seneca, Oneida, and Tuscarora, have since the American War of Independence been permanently settled in southwestern Ontario. Fragmentary remnants of the different tribes and bands are scattered throughout New York State and portions of the various reserves in Canada, but the original and collective stock have for upwards of a hundred years made their homes on the shores of the Grand River, one of the loveliest and most legend-thronged streams in the province.

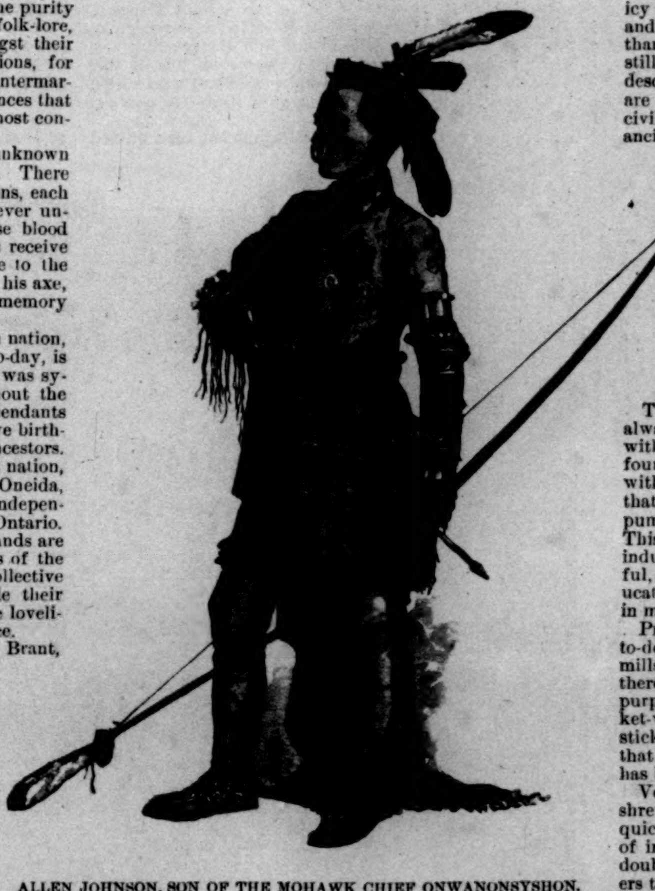
When, under the generalship of Captain Joseph Brant, these people allied their forces with the British, and left in the Mohawk Valley a precarious livelihood that had been riddled and checkered by the numerous wars of the colonists, the imperial government allotted them a reserve grant which comprised the land lying within six miles on either side of the Grand River, from its source to its mouth.

At that period these were hunting and fishing grounds unequalled in the country; but a century of insidious inroads made by white settlers, of a civilization not always wisely conducted, has despoiled the Iroquois of his game, his national glory and hardihood, and the greater portion of his real estate, inasmuch as the reserve has dwindled and shrunken into a comparative dot of land that embraces but 53,000 acres of the least value along the entire course of the river. In early times much of this land slipped out of the Indians' possession in an unrecorded manner; but after a season, when incoming whites were settling the country, the demand for river lands in southern Upper Canada grew urgent, and the Iroquois were induced to surrender their reserve bit after bit, until now, in lieu of their erstwhile real estate, they have deposited with the Dominion government upwards of eight hundred thousand dollars, the interest on which they draw biannually individually, the amount varying in accordance with the expenditure they make on public works within their own reserve.

The history of the Iroquois is unquestionably the most interesting of the myriad native tribes in the Americas from the time of the formation of the great Iroquois Confederacy, more than four hundred years ago, down to the present day. Of this mighty alliance that terrorized the entire continent north of Mexico, and which was originally cemented together by "the fifty great chiefs of the fifty noble families under the leadership of Hiawatha, who framed that confederacy," Mr. Horatio Hale writes: "During the American War of Independence, this confederacy, in the clash of stronger forces, was for a time broken up. The government for which they fought gave them lands along the Grand River, and here just a hundred years ago they re-established their league and rekindled its council fires. The laws and policy framed by Hiawatha and his associates more than four centuries ago are still in force among their descendants in this district. In this small domain the chiefs are still elected. The councils are still conducted and the civil policy is decided as nearly as possible by the rules of their ancient league. Not many persons are aware that there exists in the heart of Canada this relic of the oldest constitutional government of America—a free commonwealth older even than any in Europe except those of England and Switzerland, and perhaps two small semi-independent republics which lurk in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees and the Apennines." Possessing such historical interest, with their veins filled with patrician blood distilled through generations and centuries, with that wellnigh faultless and impregnable constitutional alliance as a foundation, it is small wonder that the Iroquois excite more scholarly interest and concern than other of America's red men.



MOHAWK.

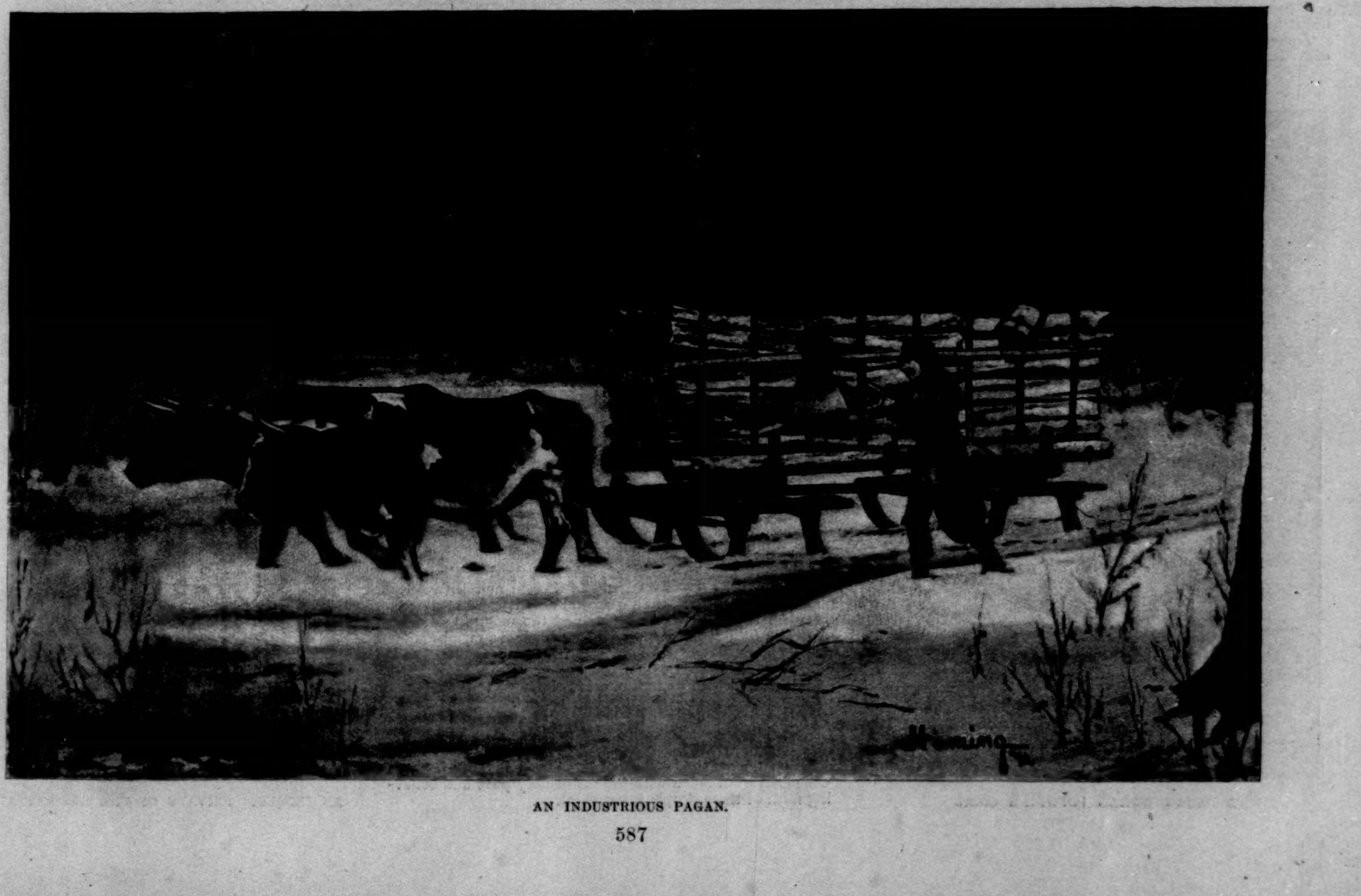


ALLEN JOHNSON, SON OF THE MOHAWK CHIEF ONWANONSYSHON.

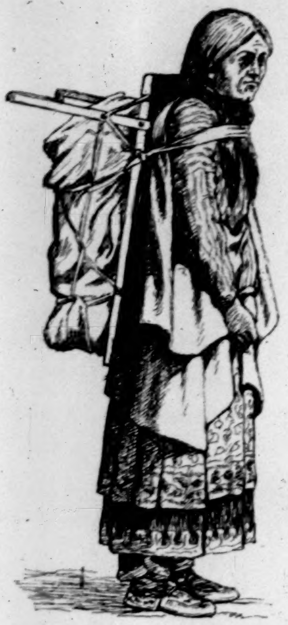
The Six Nations, as they are now generally called, have always been to a great extent an agricultural people, notwithstanding the terrible battles and depredations they found time to engage in with both the early settlers and with rival tribes. Referring again to Mr. Hale, we learn that "their extensive plantations of maize, beans, and pumpkins excited the admiration of the first explorers." This early tendency has developed with years into a positive industry, and to-day the Grand River Indians are a peaceful, law-abiding, self-supporting people, quick to adopt educational as well as agricultural advancement, and skilled in many branches of trade and handicraft.

Primitive farming is almost unknown to them; the well-to-do have thrashing-machines, reapers, binders, fanning-mills, and most of the modern improvements connected therewith. The poorer have their little plot of soil, plant purple corn and potatoes, and eke out a livelihood by basket-weaving, mat-braiding, and making axe handles, lacrosse sticks, hickory whip handles, and the score of other things that Indian fingers are so deft at, and this happy condition has been attained solely by individual industry.

Very little education is necessary to make an Indian a shrewd and judicious business man; he adapts himself quickly to trading, bargaining, investing, and the principles of interest, consequently he permits few opportunities of doubling his little possessions to slip by unheeded. As farmers the Iroquois are unquestionably successful, as seen from



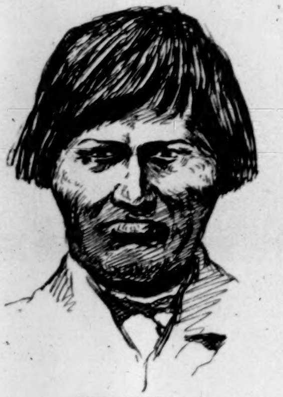
AN INDUSTRIOUS PAGAN.



A PAGAN WOMAN.

the fact that the grain markets of Brantford, the nearest town, are largely supplied from this reserve. At the annual Industrial Fair held each October at Ohsweken, the central village of the reserve, the exhibits of wheat, oats, barley, vegetables, roots, fruits, and live-stock rival, and frequently outdo in quality, the displays in many county-towns of the province. In that portion of the building allotted to the household industries the exhibits of preserves, pickles, butter, wheat-flour bread, needle-work, and embroidery testify to the housewifely ability of the Iroquois women, who have wellnigh reached perfection in these branches of civilization. Competition at these fairs is invited and encouraged by the organization known as "The Six Nations Agricultural Society," the funds for current expenses and prizes being granted by the chiefs in council; the main conditions specified are that the exhibition is open to Indians only, but they may be of any nation or tribe in America.

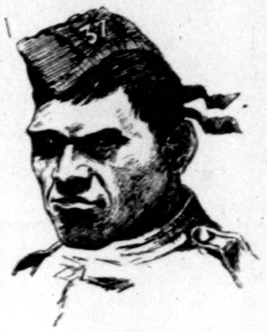
Their domestic life cannot be generalized; some are well off, owning brick houses, large barns, machinery, and cattle. In one part of the reserve one may encounter Brussels carpets, pianos, sewing-machines, and lace window-drapery; in another a mud floor, a kettle hung on a tripod to do action for a cooking-range, a foot-square glassless aperture to serve as a window, and the main-stay of existence but a few strings of purple corn, hanging from the rafters overhead, and which they manufacture into very palatable bread by first boiling the kernels in lye to remove the skin, then washing through numerous waters, and pounding into a paste by means of a huge rustic pestle and mortar, and finally boiling with beans or berries until thoroughly cooked. When well made it is a delicious and savory compound.



TUSCARORA.

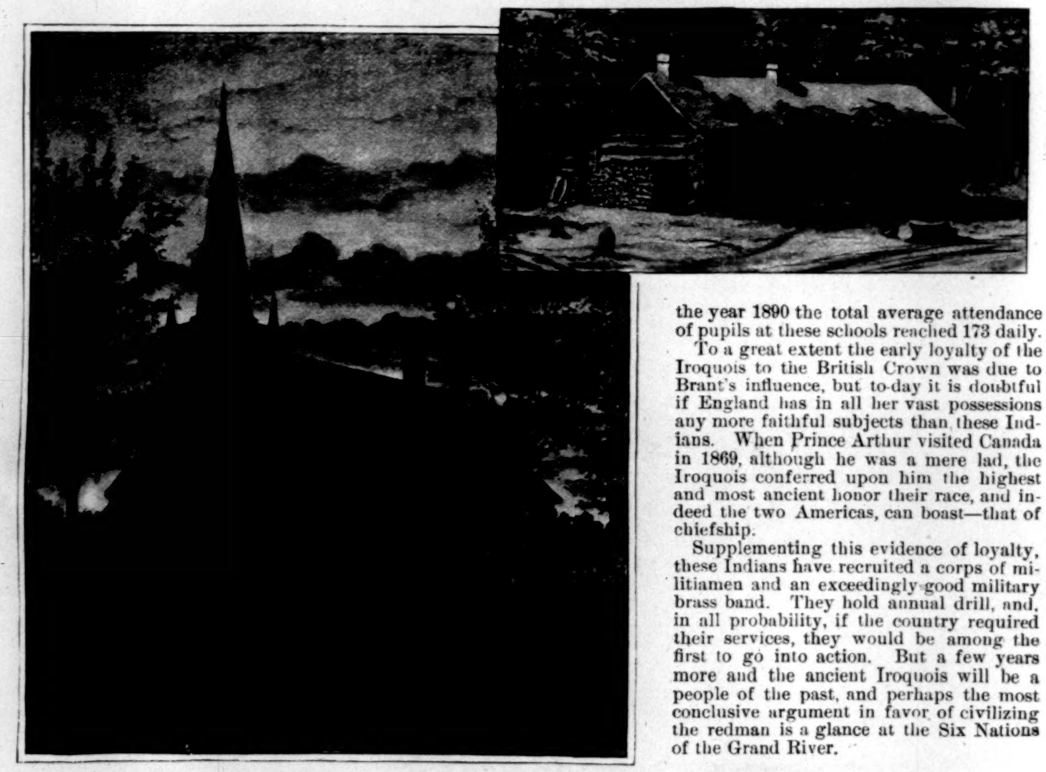
This latter condition is found most frequently amongst the Pagans, who are rarely well-to-do, as they labor under the disadvantage of not understanding English, and being seriously hampered thereby in the getting and making of bargains. The aggregate population of this reserve is three thousand five hundred, out of which five hundred still cling to the religion of their forefathers. These are largely Onondagas, but a portion of the Cayugas and Senecas also adhere to the primitive worship, and the ceremonies performed in connection therewith are the most beautiful solemn aboriginal rites to be witnessed in Canada.

These people are not wild; they live in the highest state of civilization that an extreme poverty can afford; they dress like the poorer of white settlers, and are law-abiding and diligent as their scant knowledge of civil and social advancement permits. Their standard of morality is much higher than that of whites in a similar station of life, and infinitely superior to that of border squatters, whose evil influences, immoral characters, and degraded habits are the most serious stumbling-blocks that the Indian, throughout America, is obliged to overcome before he can be brought to recognize any good in the race that teaches him first of all terrible and hitherto unknown vices, and then throws on top of this foundation of rottenness and depravity the fibres with which he is expected to weave himself a tent of education and citizenship within a generation.

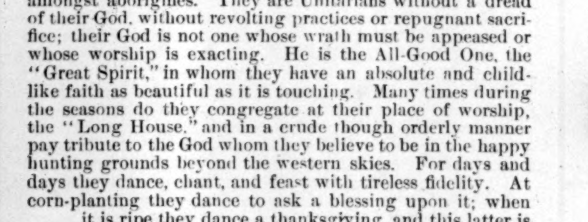


ONONDAGA.

The religion of the Grand River Pagans has been quoted as the purest faith, the most faultless worship, known amongst aborigines. They are Unitarians without a dread of their God, without revolting practices or repugnant sacrifice; their God is not one whose wrath must be appeased or whose worship is exacting. He is the All-Good One, the "Great Spirit," in whom they have an absolute and child-like faith as beautiful as it is touching. Many times during the seasons do they congregate at their place of worship, the "Long House," and in a crude though orderly manner pay tribute to the God whom they believe to be in the happy hunting grounds beyond the western skies. For days and days they dance, chant, and feast with tireless fidelity. At corn-planting they dance to ask a blessing upon it; when it is ripe they dance a thanksgiving, and this latter is duplicated at strawberry, raspberry, and blueberry times. Then after the harvest a grand thanksgiving is held, and the Great Spirit is acknowledged as the giver of all good things—grain, fruit, fowl, fish; and then once annually, generally the first week in February or thereabouts (they set the time by some phase of the moon), the great sacrifice of the "White Dog" is burnt, when a member of a noble Onondaga family acts as an ephemeral priest, and offers a spotless dog, which has been previously strangled and decorated with wampum, paint, ribbons, etc., as a burnt thank-offering for the people. The ritual and ceremony are very beautiful—for days they dance and chant; then comes the sacrifice, burnt with incense, and associated with the most conservative formality. The prayers of the natives arise on the waving clouds of smoke as it beats its blue wings skyward laden with the exquisitely pure and believing faith of these simple forest children.

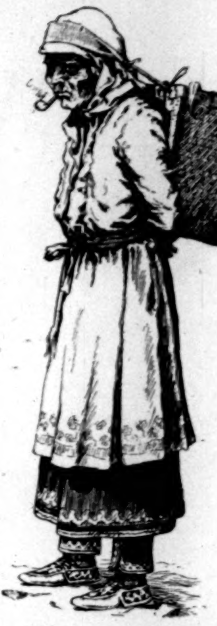


THE MOHAWK CHURCH NEAR BRANTFORD, AND THE ORIGINAL MISSION-HOUSE AT TUSCARORA.



THE IROQUOIS PEACE PIPE,
Smoked by Washington at the Treaty of Troy.

Many Christian denominations are represented throughout the reserve—Methodist, Anglican, Baptist, Plymouth, and the Salvation Army, all have churches and good congregations. The Anglican Church has the vantage-ground, perhaps, since she is the daughter of the New England Company, whose funds and faculties have been doing active service for the last two hundred and forty years amongst many tribes throughout British America. They have here erected two substantial and artistic churches and several mission-houses, and have without doubt been the groundwork of Christianity in this district.

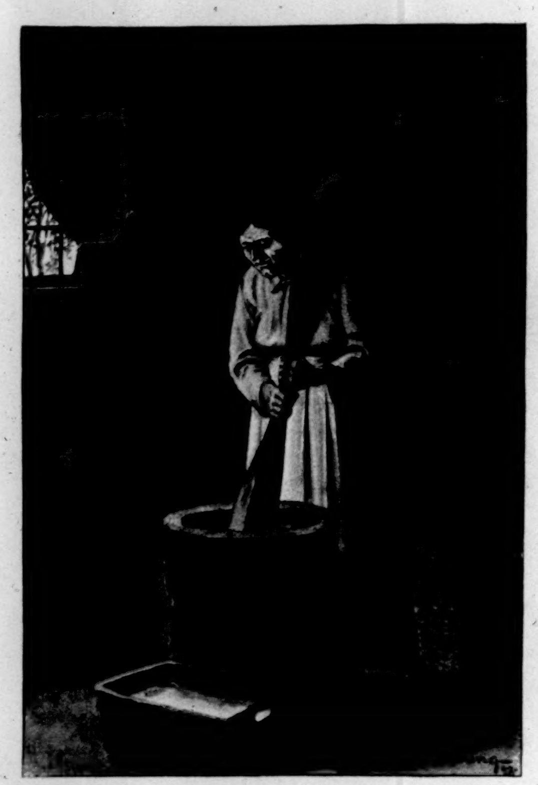


ONONDAGA WOMAN.

Touching the educational facilities, there are eleven district schools, taught in many instances by Indians, who are sufficiently qualified to pass an examination under the supervision of the Board of Missionaries. During the year 1890 the total average attendance of pupils at these schools reached 173 daily.

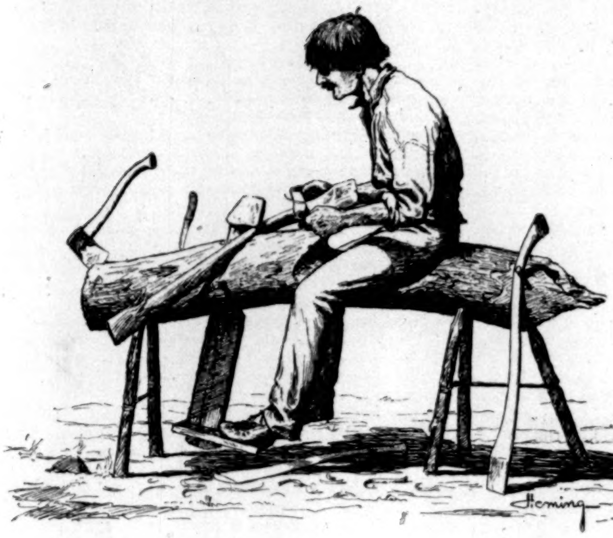
To a great extent the early loyalty of the Iroquois to the British Crown was due to Brant's influence, but to-day it is doubtful if England has in all her vast possessions any more faithful subjects than these Indians. When Prince Arthur visited Canada in 1869, although he was a mere lad, the Iroquois conferred upon him the highest and most ancient honor their race, and indeed the two Americas, can boast—that of chiefship.

Supplementing this evidence of loyalty, these Indians have recruited a corps of militiamen and an exceedingly good military brass band. They hold annual drill, and, in all probability, if the country required their services, they would be among the first to go into action. But a few years more and the ancient Iroquois will be a people of the past, and perhaps the most conclusive argument in favor of civilizing the redman is a glance at the Six Nations of the Grand River.

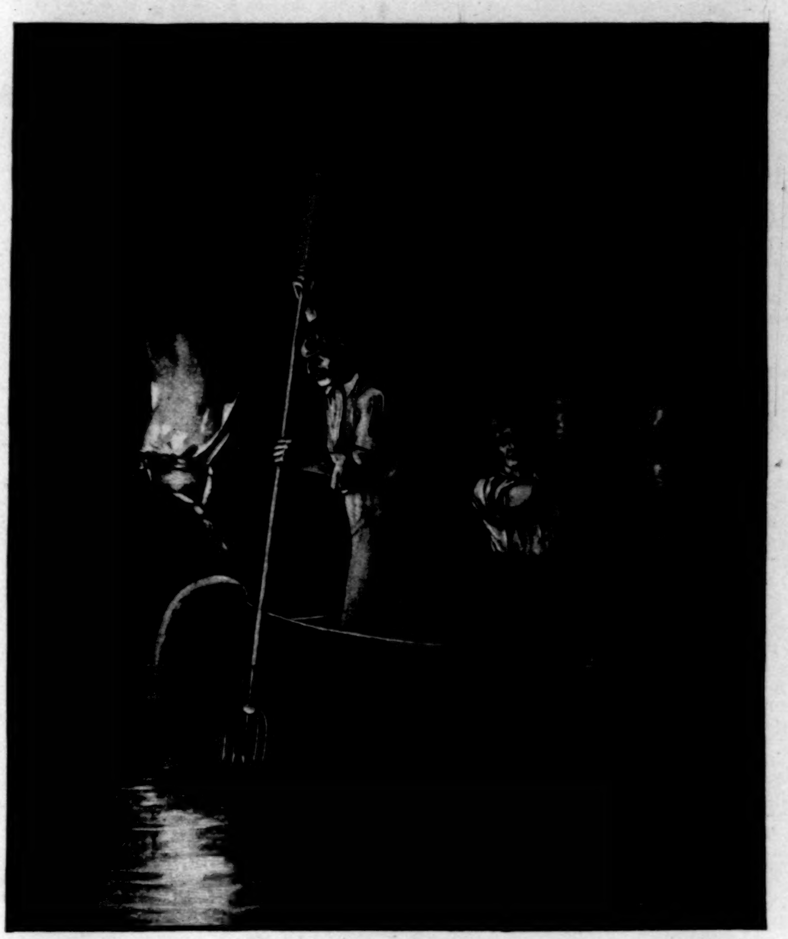


A PAGAN WOMAN POUNDING CORN.

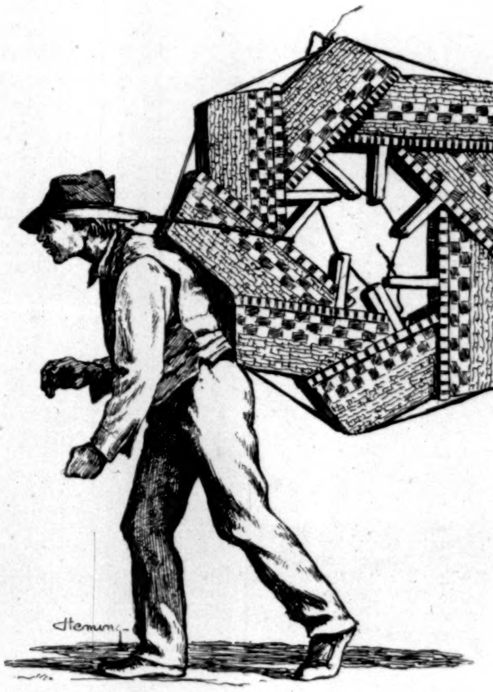
AN IROQUOIS PRIVATE OF THE 37th BATTALION.



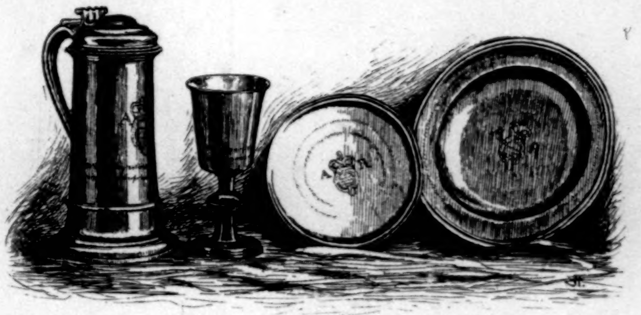
MAKING AXE-HANDLES.



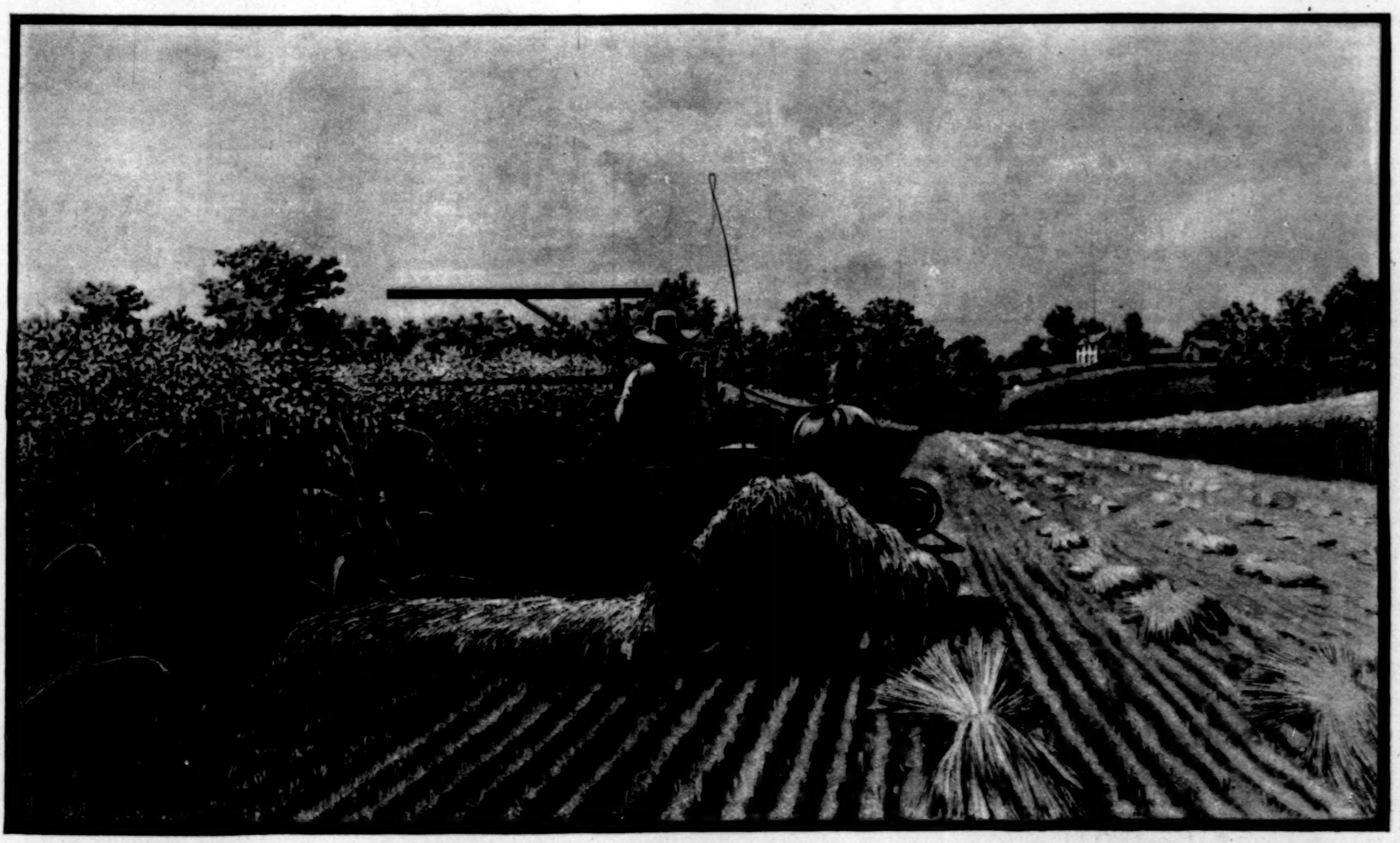
SPEARING SALMON.



A BASKET-SELLER ON HIS WAY TO MARKET.



THE SILVER COMMUNION SERVICE PRESENTED BY QUEEN ANNE TO THE SIX NATIONS.



A PROSPEROUS IROQUOIS.

THE IROQUOIS OF THE GRAND RIVER.

THE MASTER.[*]

BY I. ZANGWILL.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

"IN LONDON."

ON a dull February day a respectably clad steerage passenger disembarked at Southampton with little luggage and great hopes. He was only twenty, but he looked several years older. There were traces of thought and suffering in the face, bronzed though it was, and despite the vigorous set of the mouth and jaw, the dark eyes were soft and dreamy. He was clean-shaven, except for a dark brown mustache, which combined with the little tangle of locks on his forehead to suggest the artistic temperament, and to repel the insinuation of rough, open-air labor radiating from his sturdy frame and bearing.

Matt Strang's foot had touched England at last. Two long monotonous years of steadfast endurance, self-sacrifice, and sordid economies—two years of portrait and sign-painting, interrupted by spells of wagon-striping at two and a half dollars a day, had again given him the mastery of three hundred dollars, despite his despatch of five dollars a week to Abner Preep, and a final subsidy of one hundred dollars to bridge over the time till he should have made a footing in England, and notwithstanding a vexatious loss through his ultimate impatience to realize the bills and the goods in which his art had too often found payment. Gradually the cloud of despondency had rolled off, the spring-tide of life and aspiration would not be denied, and the passion for painting returned with an intensity that dulled him to every other appeal of the blood in his veins. And with it a haunting fear that he could never live to see London or his artist uncle, that he would die in the flower of his youth, all his possibilities latent. Luck had been so against him. When the steamer floundered into a field of ice off Newfoundland, this semi-superstitious feeling wellnigh amounted to a quiet conviction that he would be shipwrecked in sight of port, the three hundred dollars serving but to sink him deeper.

Without stopping in Southampton to tempt Providence, he went straight to London, every vein in him pulsing with feverish anticipations of mysterious splendors. The engine throbbed in answering exultation, and the rattle of the carriages was a rhythmic song of triumph. At last he was approaching the city of his dream, the mighty capital of culture and civilization, where art was loved and taught and honored. For some days now his whole being had been set to this key.

He sat at the window, gazing eagerly at the sunless landscapes that raced past him. Gradually he became aware of the approach of the monstrous city; fields were interrupted by houses; later, houses were interrupted by fields; then the rural touches grew fewer and fewer, and at last he sped under a leaden sky amid appalling, endless, everlasting perspectives of chimney-pots and sooty tiles and dingy houses and dead walls and vomiting columns and blank-faced factories reeking with oppressive odors; on, and on, and on, as amid the infinities of a mean Inferno, whirring past geometrical rows of murky back yards with dust-bins and clothes-lines, and fleeting glimpses of grimy women and shock-headed children and slouching men, thundering over bridges that spanned gray streets relieved by motley traffic, and flashing past gaunt mansions of poverty, bald structures with peeling fronts and bleared windows. There was a sombre impressiveness in the manifold frowziness, the squalid monotony; it was the sublime of the sordid. Fresh as Matt was from the immensities of sea and sky, the shabbiness of the spectacle caught at his throat; he thought chokingly of the unnumbered, unnoticed tragedies dragging dismally along within those bleak congested barracks. The glow of his blood died away, to be rekindled only by the seething streets into which he emerged from the clangorous maze of Waterloo Station; the throb of tumultuous life that beat as a drum and stirred as a trumpet. Yet he had not come up to conquer London, but to sit at its feet. That letter from his uncle had destroyed every vestige of cocksureness, almost of confidence, leaving him shy and sometimes appalled at his own daring, as he realized the possibilities of self-delusion. He had read enough now in books and papers to know that fame and money were the guerdons of art, but these were only indirectly in his mind. If they sometimes flashed straight to his heart in intoxicating instants of secret hope, he was too full of the consciousness of his disadvantages and imperfections to think much of anything beyond getting the necessary training. Far down the vista of thought and years lay this rosy rim of splendor, a faint haze dimly discerned, but the joy of learning and practising his art was the essence of his yearning. And yet there were moments like this of feeling London under his foot for the first time, when a consciousness of power welled up in his soul, a sense of overflowing energy and immovable purpose that lifted him high above the crowd of shadows.

Escaping the touts and cabmen, he carried his valise across a great noiseful bridge to the nearest inexpensive-looking hotel, intending to secure a base of operations from which to reconnoitre London before looking up his uncle. But though he was at once booked for a room, the genteel air of the place, with its well-dressed customers and white-tied waiters, terrified him with the prevision of a portentous bill. He would have backed out had he dared, but he thought himself bound for a week. He took only his breakfasts there, however, though the unnatural hour at which he took them made him an object of suspicion. He seemed always on the point of catching an early train. His other meals were taken at those modest restaurants where twopence is not a tip, but the price of a dish, and the menu is cut up into slips and pasted across the shop window.

His first visit on the day of his arrival was to the National Gallery, not only to fulfil a cherished dream, but to see his uncle's pictures, to talk of which might smooth the meeting. But he could nowhere come across the works of Matthew Strang, and a catalogue he could not afford, and he soon forgot the unseen pictures in the emotions excited by the seen, which plunged him into alternate heats of delight and chills of despair.

And yet the total effect of this first look round was inspiration. Over all the whirling confusion of the appeal of so many schools and ages, over all his bewilderment before early Italian pictures that seemed badly drawn and late English that seemed banal, over all his dispiriting diffidence before the masterpieces, was an exultant sense of brotherhood, as of a soul come home at last. There were pictures to which he returned again and again with a feeling of reverential kinship, a secret audacious voice whispering that he understood those who had painted them—that he too was of their blood and race, though come from very far, and lonely and unknown; that he too had thrilled with the beauty and mystery of things; that he too had seen visions and heard voices. Quitting the gallery with regret tempered by the prospect of many magic hours in the society of its treasures, he found out the whereabouts of the Limners' Club, and took his way towards Bond Street, every sense thrilling with vivid perceptions, receiving pleasant impressions from the shop windows, exhilarated by the pretty women that brushed by him with a perfume of fashion, and keenly enjoying the roar of the town.

On the threshold of the club he inquired for Mr. Matthew Strang. The doorkeeper eyed him surlily, and said there was no such member. The world grew suddenly dark and bleak again. He stammered in piteous apology that Mr. Strang had given him that address; and the janitor, a whit softened by his evident distress, admitted that Mr. Strang was sometimes about the club, and volunteered to send the boy to see—an offer which Matt gratefully accepted with a sense of taking alms. But Mr. Strang was not on the premises, and Matt was further driven to inquire where he *could* be found. The doorkeeper, tired of him, replied to the effect that he was not Mr. Strang's keeper, and that it was not unusual to look for gentlemen in their own homes, whereupon Matt turned miserably away, too disheartened to ask where his uncle's own home was situate, and feeling that there was nothing for it but to keep watch over the club door till the great painter should appear. He lingered about at a safe distance (for to be seen by the doorkeeper were terrible), scanning with eager glances the faces of the few men who passed through the swinging glass doors, his imagination glorifying them, and seeing rather halos than silk hats on their heads. But at last the futility of his sentinelship dawned upon him; he could not be sure of recognizing his uncle; he could not accost the celestials and question them; he must come again and again till he found his uncle at the club. The thought of facing the doorkeeper made him flinch, but he knew the road to art was thorny and precipitous.

It was three o'clock, but he had forgotten to lunch. Now that his emotions had been chilled, he remembered he was hungry. He looked around in vain for a mean eating-house, then reluctantly slipped into a public-house and ordered a glass of ale and something brown and dumpy which he saw under a glass cover. The wench who served him smiled so amiably that he was emboldened to ask if by chance she knew where Matthew Strang lived. Her smile died away, and nothing succeeded it.

"Matthew Strang, the painter," said Matt, with a ghastly suspicion that the girl did not even know the name. London to him meant largely Matthew Strang; it was to Matthew Strang that he had taken his ticket and booked his passage, it was to get to Matthew Strang that he had starved and pinched himself, and it depressed him to discover the limitations of fame—to find that Matthew Strang was not hung in the air like Mohammed's coffin, 'twixt earth and heaven for all to see.

"There's the directory," said the girl, lugging it down, when she perceived that the good-looking young man with the curious drawling accent was not quizzing her. "You'll find painters in the Trade Directory."

The barmaid's satire was unconscious. Understanding the bulky red volume but dimly, Matt hunted up "Strang" in the general section. He was surprised to see there was more than one person of that name. But fortunately there was only one Matthew Strang, and he lived in a side street off Cavendish Square. Warmly thanking the girl, Matt gulped down his ale and hurried out to inquire the way, munching the relics of the cake as he hastened towards the long-elusive goal. Very soon, scanning the numbers, his eye flashed and his heart leaped up. There it was—the magic name—actually 'twixt earth and heaven, painted above a shop window. He came to a standstill.

The window was one which would have arrested him in any case, for it was illumined with paintings and engravings, and through the doorway Matt saw enchanting stacks of pictures mounting from floor to ceiling, and the side-wall was a gallery of oils and water-colors, and an aroma of art and refinement and riches seemed over everything, from the gold of the frames of the oil-colors to the chaste creamy margins of the engravings. Matt concluded that artists in England sold their works and dealt in artistic materials. He entered the shop with beating heart. His eyes lit first on a sweet-faced matron in a cap standing at the far end of the shop reverentially surveying a faded "Holy Family," and while he was wondering whether she was the artist's wife, a dapper young gentleman, installed behind a broad desk near the door, startled him by asking his business.

He coughed uneasily, overcome by sudden diffidence. The series of barriers between him and his uncle gave the great painter an appalling aloofness.

"I want to see Mr. Matthew Strang," he stammered.

The dapper young gentleman looked inquiringly towards the sweet-faced matron. "Can this gentleman see Mr. Strang, madame?" he said.

Matt noticed that he wore a pearl horseshoe in his cravat.

"Certainly, sir; be seated," said the lady, with grave courtesy and a pleasant touch of foreign accent, such as Matt had heard in the French families of Acadia.

She disappeared for a moment, and returned in the wake of a saturnine-looking elderly gentleman, with interrogative eyebrows, a pointed beard, and a velvet jacket, the first sight of whom gave Matt the heart-sickness of yet another disappointment. But though his keen eye soon shaved off the pointed beard and wiped off the sallowness of civilization, revealing the David Strang interblent with the Matthew, his heart-sickness remained. The gap between him and this fine gentleman and great artist seemed too great to be bridged over thus suddenly. He became acutely conscious of his homely clothes, of his coarse unlettered speech, of the low menial occupations he had followed; he saw himself furling the sail and carrying the hod and sawing the wood; he felt himself infinitely below the dapper young shopman with the pearl horseshoe, and his throat grew parched and his eyes misty.

"Good afternoon, sir," said his uncle, rubbing his hands with chilling geniality. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

In that instant Matt perceived all the perversity of which he had been guilty; he remembered he had flown in the face of his uncle's kind advice, and had not even apprised him of his departure from America.

"I want to buy some colors," he faltered.

His uncle's eyebrows mounted. "We do not sell colors, young man," he said, frigidly.

"I thought—" Matt stammered.

Matthew Strang contemptuously turned on his heel and withdrew. His nephew lingered desperately in the shop, without the strength either to go or to stay. The lady, who had half followed her husband, turned back hesitatingly, and with reassuring sweetness, said:

"You will get colors near at hand, in Oxford Street. We only sell pictures."

Under her penetrating sympathy Matt found courage to say, "I'm sorry Mr. Strang got streaked."

"Streaked?" echoed madam, opening her eyes, as with a vision of broadcloth brushing against wet canvases.

"I mean angry," said Matt, confusion streaking his own face with red.

"Yes, I remember now," said madam, sweetly. "It's an American word."

"Yes; it was in America that I heard of Mr. Strang," he replied, slowly, striving to accentuate his words, as though he were reading them from a school-book.

"Indeed?" Madam flushed now.

"Yes, I heard of his fame as a painter."

"Ah!" Her eyes sparkled. Roses leaped into her blond cheeks. "I always told him his work was admirable," she cried, in exultant excitement, "but he is so easily discouraged."

Matt thrilled with a sense of the man's greatness. "So you see," he said, with a quaver of emotion in his voice, "I was just wild to see him."

"I am so glad," cried madam, with a charming smile. "I will go and tell my husband. He really must see you. Matthew!" she called out, tremulously, fluttering towards the passage.

The saturnine figure in the velvet coat descended again.

"You must talk to the young gentleman, dear. He has heard of your fame in America."

Matthew Strang's interrogative eyebrows reached their highest point, and Matt's face got more streaked than ever. He felt he was in a false position.

"I heard of you from my father," he said, hurriedly. "What is the price of that picture?" he asked, turning to the shopman.

"This etching of Millet's 'Angelus'? Three guineas, sir," he added, gauging his man. "We have a photogravure of the same subject—a little smaller—for half a guinea."

"Your father!" repeated Mr. Strang, gruffly. "He was a brother artist, I presume."

Matt would have given much to say he was not an artist, but a brother. But he replied instead: "No, not exactly. He was a captain." He felt somehow as if the whole guilt of his father's calling rested upon himself, and it was mean of him to cross the Atlantic to impose some of it on the dignified figure before him.

"Oh, I love soldiers!" murmured Madam Strang.

Matt felt things were now entangled beyond the possibility of even future extrication, so he desperately consented to purchase the photogravure, threw down a sovereign, and snatching up the change and the picture-roll, hurried from the establishment.

"What a charming young man!" said Madam Strang.

But Matthew Strang tapped his forehead significantly.

"You always will run yourself down, dear," murmured madam.

"Josephine," replied Matthew Strang, in low, solemn tones, "the fellow is either a fool or a rogue."

"He's left sixpence on the desk," broke in the voice of the shopman.

"Ha, a fool! It is enough for me to live in my son. He has advantages which I was denied."

"The dear boy!" breathed madam.

The extravagant purchaser of the "Angelus" divided the rest of his week between the National Gallery, where he concluded his uncle had not yet been canonized, and the streets of London, which he explored fearlessly. In a few days of industrious investigation he saw more than many a Londoner sees in a lifetime. He had experience of the features and cook shops of Peckham, Rotherhithe, Clapton, Westminster, Covent Garden, the East Indian Docks, the Tower, wandering wherever the shapeless city stretched its lubber-limbs, and seeing things and places that made him glad of the protection of the pistol he carried in his hip pocket. The very formlessness of the city fascinated even while it dazed him. He did not wonder that artists found inspiration in this atmosphere, in which the fog itself seemed but the visible symbol of the innumerable mysterious existences swarming in its obscure vastness. The unexpected was everywhere; green closes in the heart of commerce, quiet quadrangles in the byways of Fleet Street, quaint old churches by the river-side, roaring market-places behind stately mansions, great parks set in deserts of arid poverty, bustling docks hidden away in back streets, and elegant villas at the end of drab, dismal, long-trailing East-end thoroughfares, redolent of slush and cabbage leaves and public-houses and fried fish. Miles were of light account to one who had lived in a land of great spaces, yet Matt was wearied by the lengthy sweep of the great arteries and the multiplicity of their ramifications, by this vastness that was but reiterated narrowness in its lack of the free open horizons to which his eye was used. But the titanic city awoke strange responses in his soul; something in him vibrated to the impulse of the endless panorama. Often his fingers itched for the brush, as if to translate into color and line all this huge pageant of life; for the spell of youthful poesy was still on his eyes, and if he could not see London as he had seen his native fields and sky and ocean, all fresh and pure and beautiful, if in the crude day its sordid streets seemed labyrinths in an underworld, unlovely, intolerable, there were atmospheres and lights in which it still loomed upon his vision through the glamour of fantasy; and chiefly at night, when the mighty city brooded in sombre majesty magnificently transfigured by the darkness, and the solemn river stretched in twinkling splendor between enchanted warehouses, or shadowed itself with the inverted architecture of historic piles, or lapped against the gray old Tower dreaming of ancient battle. But he could only take rough pencil or mental notes of the romance of it all, and it was almost always the fantastic that touched his imagination and found expression in the pictorial short-hand of his sketch-book; lurid splotches of sunset against tall grimy chimneys, tawny barges gliding over black canal waters shot with quivering trails of liquid gold from the morning sun; rag-

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

and Rembrandtesque figures asleep under glooming railway arches over which trains flew with shining windows, street perspectives at twilight with strange livid skies, filmy evening rain blurring the lights of the town to a tender haze, late omnibuses tearing by glistening moon-lit pavements and casting the shadows of the outside passengers on the sleeping houses; foggy forenoons with the eye of day inflamed and swollen in the yellow heaven. With his purchase of the "Angelus," on the other hand, he was not greatly taken. He had seen too much of peasants; he had himself stooped over the furrows when his heart was elsewhere; his soul turned from the mean drudgeries and miseries of the human lot, yearning for the flash of poetry, the glow of romance, the light of dream.

In spite of his boarding out, his bill for the week's bed, breakfast, and attendance reached as far as one pound, nineteen, and threepence—a terrifying total that drove him headlong into the frowsiest coffee-house to be found in the slums round Holborn. Here he spent a wretched interminable night, provoked by insects and mysterious noises into dressing again and keeping his hand on his pistol as he sat shivering on a chair. The staircases resounded with the incessant tramp of feet mounting and descending, and there were bursts of rowdy laughter and blows and tipsy jeers, and once his locked door was shaken, and Matt thought he had fallen into a thieves' den, and trembled for his savings. In the morning he called for his account and left, not without having discovered the real character of the place into which he had strayed. After some trouble he chanced upon a clean furnished room in the same neighborhood for four shillings and sixpence a week, attendance included. It was a back room on the second floor, and it gave on a perspective of shabby plaster, and the evidences of jerry-building in the doors and windows discomforted the whilom joiner's apprentice, but he calculated that for less than twenty of his pounds he would have a foothold in London for a year. He wellnigh cried to think of the weeks he had lost in that week of hotel luxury. On sixpence a day he could sustain life. On ninepence he could live in clover. Why, even making lavish allowance for the technical expenses of which his uncle had warned him, he would easily be able to stay on for a whole year. In a year—a year of ceaseless painting—what might he not achieve? Only—where to learn? There was the rub. He had looked to his uncle to put him in the way of instantly acquiring art, and here had he wasted a week without acquiring even information. But in the British Museum he lighted upon young men and women drawing from the antique, and entering into conversation with the shabbiest of the men, who was working at the head of a Roman emperor in chalk, pecking at it with a pointed pellet of bread, he learnt that the Roman emperor's head was intended, in alliance with the torso of a Greek river-god, to force the doors of the Royal Academy Schools, the privileges of which gratuitous establishment the aspirant duly recounted.

But the examination would not take place for some time, and Matt, though he found it hard to have to pay fees elsewhere in the mean time, was secretly pleased at being able to shelve temporarily the thought of partaking in this examination, for the Roman emperor's head was appallingly stippled, and the student said he had been at work on it for four months, and evidently meditated touching and retouching it till the very eve of the examination. Matt did not think he could ever muster sufficient interest in Roman emperors to live with the head of one for more than a week. His heart sank at the thought of what he might have to go through to please professors and examiners; but he would have willingly tried his hand at copying a bust had not the student informed him he must apply for permission and give a reference to a reputable householder. With the exception of his unclaimed uncle, Matt knew no one, reputable or disreputable householder or vagrant. But he obtained from the shabby delineator of the Roman emperor the address of a cheap good art-school, though he found to his dismay that even at the cheapest he could only afford to take the night class, from seven to ten, three times a week. He saw he would have to practise during the days the preachings of the three nights. Impatient, and holding his paint-box tight against his palpitating heart, he set out that very night to join the class, but losing himself in a labyrinth of squares exactly alike, did not find the school till half past seven. Passing through an open door marked "Grainger's Academy of Art" in ugly and faded lettering, he found himself in a long gloomy passage that led away from the rest of the house; and following the indication of a dirty finger painted on the wall, he stole cautiously along the deserted corridor, which grew momentarily drearier as it receded from the naked jet of gas in the doorway, till it reached the duskiest at the point where it was bordered by a pair of cloak-rooms. Matt peered eagerly into their shadowy depths, which seemed to contain coals and a bicycle and litter, as well as clothing, and to exhale a flavor of immemorial stuffiness, but he could detect no movement among the congested overcoats. At last, at the end of the passage, he stumbled against a boy in buttons, kneeling, with his eye to the keyhole of a door. Apologetically he asked the boy if this was Grainger's, and the boy, jumping up quickly, told him to walk in, and retreated in haste.

Matt opened the door; a wave of insufferably hot air, reeking of tobacco, smote his face and his nostrils, a glare of light dazzled his eyes, he was vaguely aware of a great square room crowded with young men in uncouth straw hats sitting or standing at work in their shirt sleeves before easels; but the whole scene was a blur compared with the central point that stood out in disconcerting clearness. Immediately facing him, on a platform at the other end of the room, a nude woman was standing. He started back, shocked, and was meditating flight; when a student near him growled to him to shut the door. He obeyed, and had an instant of awful loneliness and embarrassment amid this crowd of gifted strangers, in the rear of which he stood, paint-box under arm, wondering why nobody challenged his entry, and where Grainger was. Turning to look for him, he upset a rickety easel and a disengaged stool, both of which seemed to topple over at the slightest touch. But his awkwardness saved the situation; the owner of the easel was good-natured, and perceiving he was a new-comer, bade him seat himself on the stool and fix up an easel next to him, the number painted on the oilcloth of the floor being unappropriated. As Matt had no canvas, he even went outside to buy him one for two and ninepence from the boy in buttons. Matt handed him the money with a feeling of eternal gratitude.

While this amiable fellow was thus busied in his behalf, the new student's keen eye absorbed the scene in detail. A great square dusty room, rimmed as to the roof by skylights, and lighted to-night from above by a great circular gas-flare. Round two of the walls, patched here and there by the crumbling away of the plaster, ran a rack on which innumerable canvases and drawing-boards were stacked; and underneath the rack a streak of wood permeated the plaster to hold the pins by which crude sketches were fastened up, evidently for criticism; here and there hung notices of the meeting of Grainger's Sketching Club, mixed up with photographs and advertisements of studios, and of a drawing competition instituted by the proprietors of a soap, and the mural ornamentation was completed by clever nude studies, rapid *tours de force* of the visiting artist, as Matt discovered later; everywhere about the floor were canvases, boards, and an unstable assortment of three-legged easels, donkeys, quaintly carved chairs, and stools, high and low, upon which last students of all figures and complexions, some of them smoking, sat perched, crowned with the uncouth straw hats to keep the glare out of their eyes, and reduced to the shirt sleeves by the heat from so many lights and breaths; the pendent gas-jets being supplemented by the paraffine-lamp that lighted a shadowy corner where a skull grinned on a shelf, and by the big fire that was needed to keep the model from shivering on the throne, where she stood statuesque against the white background of a dirty sheet, her head resting against her arm. And from everything breathed an immemorial dust—from the fire in the centre of the right-hand wall an impalpable ash seemed to drift; dust covered the mantel-piece, and coated the bottles of linseed oil and fixative and the boxes of charcoal that stood upon it, and draped in gray the dilapidated squash-nosed lay-figure that leaned drunkenly against the right side of the throne; in the corners of the room the dust had an air of legal possession, as if the statute of limitations had secured it against the broom; there were dusty mysteries doubled up on shelves, a visible leopard's skin suggesting infinite romantic possibilities for the others, and within a dusty barrel in a corner near Matt he saw dusty bits of velvet, and of strange splendid stuffs which he divined were for costume models; and the floor seemed a land of lost drawing-pins and forgotten fragments of charcoal. And then his heart gave a great leap, for his eye, returning timidly to the throne, where it had scarcely dared as yet to rest, encountered a man's head bending over a writing-desk in the compartment of the floor to the left of it. Surely it could be no other than Grainger himself, that thin austere man with the big bald forehead and the air of Wellington, and Matt thrilled with proportionate reverence, and turned his eye away, as if dazzled, to repose it on the inchoate paintings of the students who were squinting scientifically at the model, and measuring the number of heads with sticks of charcoal or their brush-handles. Some had her large, some small; some turned her head this way, some that; some painting her, some drawing her, each from his point of sight. And as soon as his own canvas arrived, altogether forgetting his startled modesty in the delightful interest of the work, he fell to touching in the head with rapid strokes of a flowing brush.

"What are you about?" said his mentor, presently.

"Painting her portrait," he replied, pausing, with painful foreboding.

"But where's the charcoal outline?"

"The charcoal outline!"

"Yes; you can't paint her without sketching her first in charcoal."

"Can't I?" asked Matt, with a sudden remorseful recollection of his first sitter, the Acadian legislator whose portrait had paved his way to sign-painting. He hastened to efface his ignorance with a palette-knife and to obliterate it with a rag moistened with turpentine, but he was frightened and nervous and denuded of confidence in himself, and when he attempted to outline the figure the charcoal boggled at the greasy surface of the canvas, and while he was wrestling with his medium he became conscious that the great Grainger was behind him, and a nervousness that he had not felt when he pointed his gun at the bear in his forest home paralyzed his hand. Grainger stood for some moments watching his fumbling strokes, then he said,

"You want to join the Life class?"

Matt, flushing furiously, stammered an affirmative.

"Don't you think you'd better begin with the Antique?" asked Grainger.

Matt murmured that he didn't care about the Antique anyhow, and Grainger shook his austere head.

"Ah, there's no getting on without slogging away; it's no good shirking the ground-work. The living figure is all subtle lines; you can't expect to be equal to them without years of practice at the Antique and Still-life."

Matt plucked up courage to guess that he would have another try at the figure, and Grainger, having pocketed a quarter's fees, moved off, leaving Matt amazed at his own temerity.

"Do you think he'll be annoyed if I stay on here?" he asked his mentor, as he resumed his work with the determination to prove himself not unworthy of the privilege.

"If you want to chuck your money away, it's your look-out," said his mentor, candidly. "You don't hurt him."

"Then he won't say anything?"

"It doesn't matter what he says. He's not up to much."

"No?" queried Matt, astonished. "Isn't he a great painter?"

The student laughed silently. "A great painter keep a school!" he said. "No; it's only the failures that do that."

"Then how can one learn?" asked Matt, in dismay.

"Oh, well, we have a visitor once a week—he's rather a good man. Tarmigan! He's not an R.A., but he can knock off anybody's head in twenty minutes."

"But the R.A.'s, what are they for?" inquired Matt, only partially reassured.

"For show," said the young man, smartly. "You *are* a green 'un, to think that you're going to get Academicians for thirty bob a month. You've got to go to the Academy Schools if you want *them*. And then the chaps say they're not much use. Most of them are out of date, and you get a different man every month, who contradicts all the others. A fellow I know says the best of the visitors is Marmor, but he's awfully noisy and facetious, and claps you on the back 'nd tells you a story, and forgets to criticise. And then there's Peters—he sighs and says 'very tender,' and you think you've improved till you hear him say 'very tender' to the next man too. The chief advantage of going to a school is that you get a model which you couldn't afford to hire for yourself, and you learn from the other fellows. And then of course there's composition—Tarmigan's jolly good for that."

By this time Matt had sketched his outline, and he was about to resume the brush when the clock struck eight, the model stretched herself and retired behind the dirty sheet, which now operated as a screen, and there was a rising, a putting down of palettes (each with its brushes stuck idly in its thumb-hole), an outburst of exclamations, a striking of matches, a mechanical rolling of cigarettes, a sudden lowering of the lights, and a general air of breaking up.

"School over already?" he asked, in a disappointed tone.

"No; they're only turning the gas down for coolness while the model has a rest. You see, she can't stand two hours straight off the reel."

"No, I guess not," said Matt, and then repented of having said "guess," for he was trying to prune away his humble expressions and to remember the idioms of the educated people with whom his new life was bringing him into contact. "It must be awful hard," he added.

"Yes; especially in a school where a lot of chaps are working at once, and she can't rest any limb because somebody might just be painting it. One woman told me she'd rather scrub floors so as to feel her limbs moving about. But posing pays better. This is a new model—first time she's been here. Pity women with such fine figures haven't got prettier faces. Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks," said Matt.

"Don't smoke?"

"I did smoke once, but I gave it up." Matt did not like to confess it was because he could not afford the luxury.

"You can't be an artist without tobacco," said his mentor, laughingly. "Ah, here's the model! I'll just go and get her address." He went up to the model, who had re-emerged and seated herself at ease upon the throne, where a group of students with pipes or cigarettes in their mouths was in conversation with her. Matt followed his mentor, interested in this new specimen of humanity, and thinking that he would prefer to paint her as she was sitting then, in that dim mysterious light, surrounded by smoke-wreathed figures in tropic head-gear, her face alive, her feet crossed gracefully, playing a part in a real scene, yet withal unreal to the point of grotesquerie.

"Oh, I've sat a lot for him," she was saying when Matt came up. "I stand every morning for the portrait of Letty Gray, the skirt-dancer; it's for the Academy. She can't come much, and she's awfully unpunctual. Of course I'm only for the figure."

"Weren't you in the Grosvenor Gallery last summer?" asked a bald middle-aged man.

"Yes; I was Setter's 'Moonbeam,'" began the model, proudly.

"I thought I recognized you," said the middle-aged man, with an air of ancient friendship.

"And I was also on the line in the big room," she added. "Colin Campbell's 'Return of the Herring-Boats.' And I got into the Royal Institute as well—Etta Saxon's 'Woman wailing for her Demon Lover.'"

"Ah, here you are, then!" said a red-haired young man, producing an illustrated catalogue.

"Yes," said she, turning over a few pages. "And there's my husband—Sardanapalus, 223. They often have him at the Academy Schools," she wound up, with conscious pride.

"Ah, perhaps we shall get him here one week," said the middle-aged man.

While his friend was taking down her address, Matt looked round the room. The austere Grainger, with a cigarette in his mouth, was reading a yellowish paper embellished with comic cuts; most of the students were moving about, looking at one another's easels; the work on which, with few exceptions, Matt was surprised to find mediocre; a few sat stolidly humped on their stools, feet on rail, and pipe in mouth; one group was examining photographs which its central figure had taken, and which he loudly declared knocked the painting of the Fishtown School to fits. From all sides the buzz of voices came through the stifling, smoky, darkened atmosphere.

"Have you seen Piverton's new picture?"

"Rather! Another S," contemptuously replied a very young man, seated, smoking a very long pipe before a very indifferent canvas.

"What do you mean, Bubbles?" asked a by-stander.

"What, haven't you noticed," he answered, with ineffable disdain, swinging his arm in illustration, "that the lines of his compositions are all curly—they always make S?"

"I thought they always made L.s.d.," interjected a curly-headed wag. And all except the very young man laughed.

"Bubbles is gone on Whistler," observed a freckle-faced student, compassionately.

"I admire him," admitted the very young man, candidly, "but I don't say he's the end of art."

"No; that's reserved for Bubbles!" laughed the freckle-faced student.

"What *is* the end of art, Bubbles?" said another man.

"T, of course," quickly put in the curly-headed wag. "Five o'clock and fashionable."

"I say, Grainger says Miss Hennery used to work in his day class," said a handsome young Irishman, strolling up with a bag of cakes, from which the model had just helped herself in the pervasive spirit of *camaraderie*.

"Well, I don't see anything to boast of in that," pronounced Bubbles, puffing at his long hookah. "She's only a feeble female imitation of Tarmigan. Her color's muddy, and her brother comes into all her men's heads."

"I suppose she can't afford models," said the Irishman, charitably. "Have a Banbury."

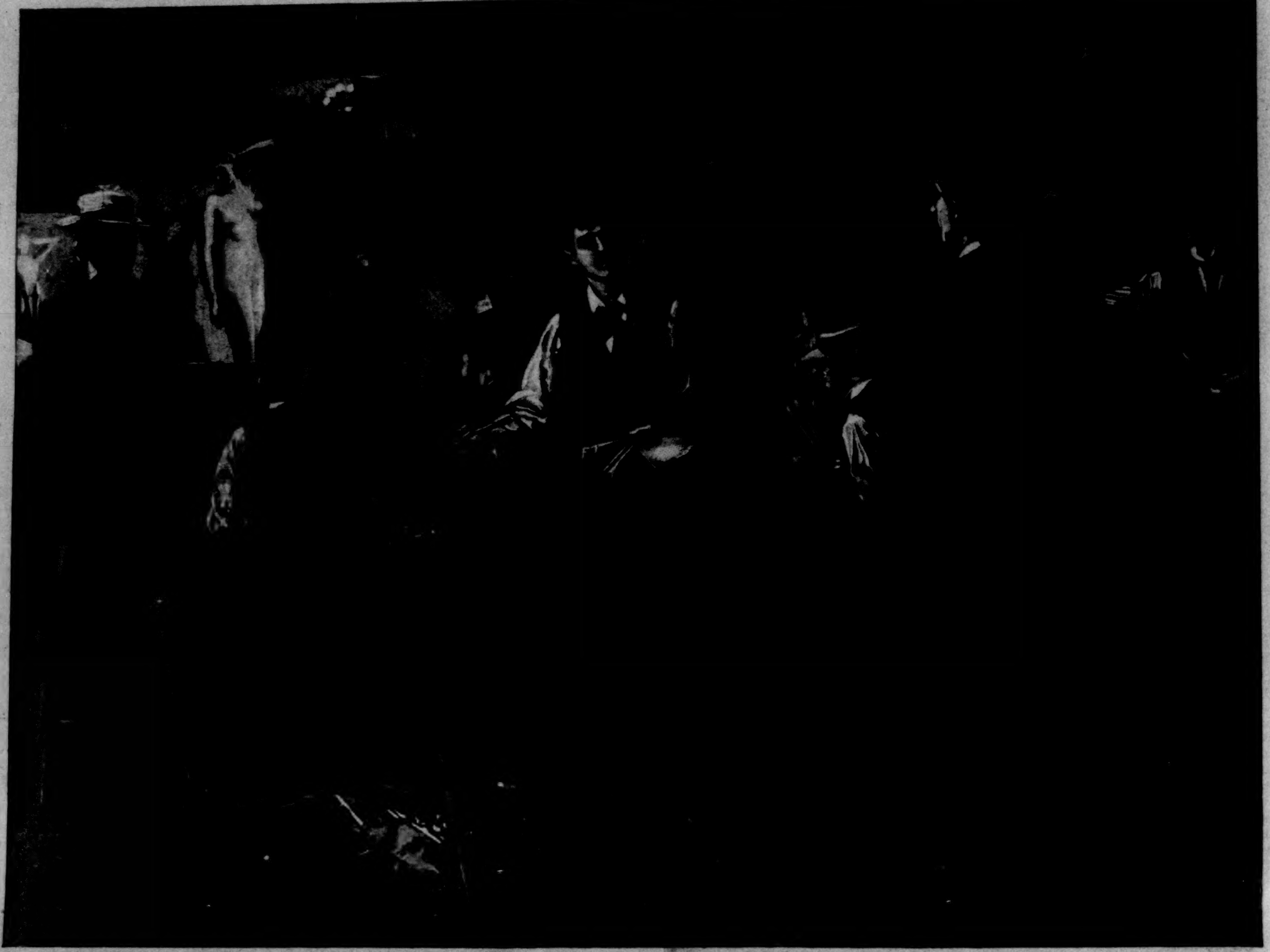
Bubbles accepted, and the by-standers helped to empty the bag. Matt moved back towards his easel, passing a little dark man with a mane, who was explaining to a derisive audience that the reason he went to music halls was to study character, and brushing by a weedy giant, who was boasting that he hardly ever went to bed, so tied was he to his anatomy. During his progress a meagre, wrinkled old man, with pepper-and-salt hair and a stoop, approached him and said, in a husky whisper, "Excuse me introducin' myself, but I do admire your feet so."

Matt flushed, startled.

"My name's Gregson, William Gregson, and I've made a speciality of feet. The 'uman form divine is beautiful everywhere, sir; but the foot—ah! there you have the combination of graces; all the beautiful curves in a small compass; the arch of the foot, the toes, the ankle, instep, the beautiful proportions of it all when you do get a really beautiful foot such as yours. I come here, sir, every night to study the beautiful—for in daily life the foot is 'idden, distorted by boots and shoes that ignore the subtleties and delicacies of nature—and the foot is the first thing I look at; but how rarely does a model, man or woman, ex'ibit a truly beautiful foot! Oh, how I wish I could paint your foot or take a cast of it—a study from the nude, of course. But no—you will not allow me, I know. May I at least be allowed to measure it, to take the proportions, to add to my knowledge of the laws of the beautiful foot?"

Matt faltered that he didn't know he had anything extraordinary in the way of feet.

"My dear sir!" protested William Gregson, showing the



"I *HAVE* FINISHED THE FOOT."

whites of his eyes. Just then the light was turned up, and William Gregson retreated abruptly to his easel. The model's court scattered, and she herself resumed her inglorious occupation of the throne, placing her feet within a chalked outline and her arm against a mark in the sheet.

Matt, returning to his canvas, worked enthusiastically to finish the figure by closing-time; and laid down his brush with five minutes to spare, thereby drawing upon himself the attention of his mentor, who exclaimed:

"By Jove! What made you rush along like that?"

"There was no time," said Matt.

"Time! Why, there's four more evenings. Every model sits a fortnight—six nights, you know."

"Well, she's done, anyhow," said Matt, in rueful amusement.

"Yes, she *is* done anyhow." And his mentor laughed. "Why, that 'll never do. You can't show work like that."

"Why not? It's like her."

"Yes, but there's no finish in it. It's only a sketch. You're supposed to make a careful study of it. Tarmigan insists on the exact character of the model. He always says even Velasquez's early things were tight and careful."

On Matt's homeward journey he was overtaken by old Gregson, who discovered that their routes coincided, and renewed his admiration of Matt's foot and his request to gauge its beauties, till at last, unwilling to disoblige a brother artist, but feeling rather ridiculous, the young man slipped off his boot in the shelter of a doorway under the light of a street lamp, and the wrinkled old man, producing a tape-measure, ecstatically recorded on a crumpled envelope the varied perfections of its form.

At the next lesson Matt set to work and painted away all the force of his study in the effort to reach the standard prevailing at Grainger's. But he worked dispirited and joyless, like a war-horse between the shafts of an omnibus, or a savage in a stiff shirt and a frock-coat, suppressing himself with the same sense of drear duty as when he had sawn logs or drilled potatoes. During the "rest," while Matt was listening in amazement to some secret information concerning royal personages, who seemed to have confided all their intrigues to Bubbles, William Gregson drew him mysteriously into the anteroom.

"Do you know, I couldn't sleep the other night," said the meagre, wrinkled old man with the pathetic stoop.

"Were you ill?" said Matt, sympathetically.

"No. Your foot kept me awake."

Matt cast a furtive look at it, as if to read marks of guilt thereon.

"Yes; you must know I'm a cobbler by trade, and love art, but I can't devote myself to it like you young fellows. I work 'ard all day 'ammerin' and stitchin'; it's only in the evenings that I can spare an hour for paintin'."

Matt's eyes moistened sympathetically. "I'm so sorry," he murmured.

"I knew you would be. I knew you had a beautiful nature. It always goes with beautiful feet. Ah, you smile! I'm an enthusiast, I admit, and you will smile more when you hear I sat up 'alf the last two nights to create an artistic boot with your beautiful lines. You had given me the inspiration. I had to create there and then. I was tired after my day's work, I was poor, and my time was valuable, but before all I am an artist. Sir, I have brought the boots with me"—here he produced a brown-paper parcel from under his arm—"and I shall be proud if you will accept them as a 'umble tribute from a lover of the beautiful."

"No, no; I couldn't think of taking them," said Matt, blushing furiously.

"Oh, but you will vex me, sir, if you do not. It pains me enough already to think of you wearin' the cumbrous inartistic pair I see."

"I won't take them unless I pay for them."

"No, no. What is a guinea between artists?" And he pressed the parcel into Matt's hand.

Matt shook his head. He was appalled at the price, but he felt it wouldn't be fair to take the poor old man's work for nothing. A vague suspicion that he was being tricked flitted beneath his troubled mind, but his worldly experiences had not yet robbed him of his guilelessness, and there was such a fire of abnegation in the homely face that Matt felt ashamed of his doubt, and drew out the money with a feeling that he was at any rate helping a worthy artistic soul.

"Here is the price of them," he said.

The artist took the money and looked at it.

"A guinea would give me nearly another month's lessons," he said, wistfully.

"Put it in your pocket, then," insisted Matt, his last doubt dissolving in fellow-feeling.

But the cobbler shook his head. "No, no, sir, you mustn't rob me of my impulse. I cannot charge you full price. Take back the shilling. Concede something to my feelings."

"There—if that 'll satisfy you," said Matt, reaccepting it.

"You won't tell the chaps," besought the cobbler, pathetically. "They wouldn't understand us. They would laugh at innocent enthusiasm."

As Matt shared his distrust of the sympathy of the studio, he was not backward with assurances of secrecy while he was laboriously bulking his overcoat pocket with the parcel.

At the end of the four days, when Matt's painting seemed to him to be getting as smooth as a wax figure and as dead, Tarmigan came—a stern, ill-dressed man, prematurely gray—at whose approach Matt's heart was in his mouth. The famous artist moved leisurely but inevitably towards him, shedding criticism by grunts and phrases and gestures; expressing the ineffable by an upward snap of the fingers, accompanied by a Russian-sounding sibilation, inquiring sarcastically whether one student was drawing the model or the lay-figure, and sneeringly recommending another to move his drawing "if the model moved." Every now and again he sat down at an easel to get the man's point of view, and taking up his brush, suggested tone and color, or if it was a draughtsman's easel, borrowed his charcoal and showed him how to put the head on the shoulders or fit on an extremity. When at length Matt felt the great man's breath on his neck a cold shiver ran down his spine, the brush clove to his paralyzed hand.

"Ah, a new man!" said the visitor. "Not bad."

All the blood in Matt's body seemed to be rushing to his face. His hand began to tremble.

The visitor did not pass on immediately. He said: "Where do you come from? There's a want of sharpness in the shadows."

"From America," breathed Matt.

"I mean from what school?"

"I haven't been to school since I was a boy."

"Not been to an art school?" queried the visitor, in surprise. "Nonsense! Impossible! The face is very well. But the rest is not taken far enough. A little too clever. Search! Search! Even Velasquez's early things were—But you must have had a deal of practice."

"I have painted some," admitted Matt, "but not rightly, though I did study artistic anatomy out of a book. I've painted hundreds of portraits and signs and ceilings."

The artist was examining the work more minutely. "Don't you call that practice?" he said, a little triumphant smile flitting across his wintry face. "Hundreds of portraits—why, that means hundreds of models! Why, however did you get all those commissions? It's more than I can boast of. Try and keep that lower in tone, and don't use that color at all," he added, his fingers tattooing kindly on Matt's shoulder. The class had pricked up its ears, for the artist spoke by habit in a loud tone so that all might benefit by his criticism of the individual, and his remarks to the newcomer were quite out of the ordinary run.

"It was only in the country places in Nova Scotia," said Matt, apologetically, "and people didn't know anything about it. So long as I made a handsome likeness, it was all they cared for. And then, of course, they were never, never naked."

"No?" said the celebrity, with a little laugh.

"No; they always wore their best clothes," said Matt, smiling too. "So this is the first time I've done one like this."

"You haven't done it yet," said Tarmigan, moving on. "There's that foot yet to be studied. Search! Finish!"

"If you please, sir," said Matt, with an unconscious reversion to the idiom of McTavit's school-room, "I *have* finished the foot."

"Nonsense," said Tarmigan. "You've got another toe to paint in."

"I thought I had to copy the model exactly," said Matt, meekly.

"Well, sir?" said Tarmigan, puzzled.

"Well, I only see four toes on that foot."

The artist was startled; he cast a rapid glance at the model. "Good Lord! the man's right," he murmured, for the model was indeed minus a toe.

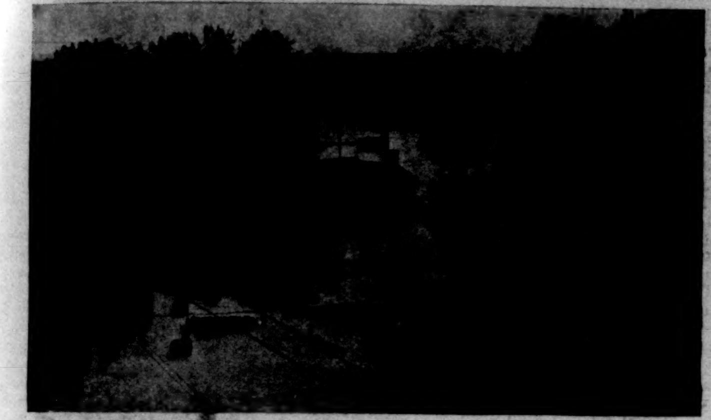
"I say, you men," he said, "Where are your eyes? You've given the model an extra toe. How often have I told you to look before you paint?"

All eyes were bent on the foot; the model reddened. Those whose work had not yet been examined hastened to amputate the toe; the others took on an air of injury.

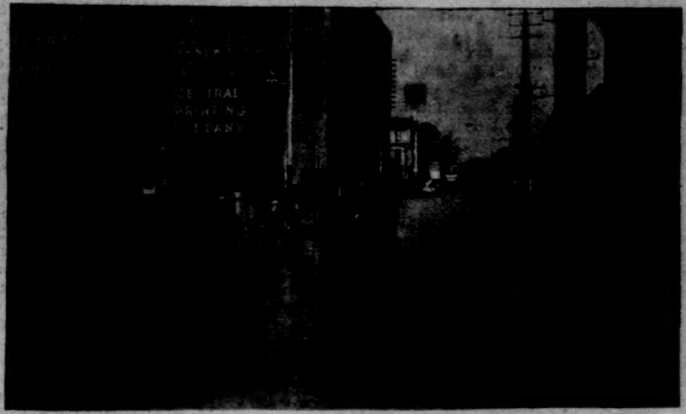
"You might have told a chap," whispered his mentor.

"I thought you knew," said Matt. "I saw it as soon as I began to paint, but I didn't take any notice of it in my first rough sketch. It was only when you told me I must copy the model exactly that I put it in, or rather left it out."

For some time longer the fusillade of Tarmigan's criticisms rang out intermittently—"Not bad!" "Humph!" "I wouldn't make too much of those little things!" "Keep it broader!" "That's very well!" "Psch!" "That's better!" "Don't get your shadows too hot!" "That's a good bit!" "That leg's too long from the knee down!" "Don't lick it

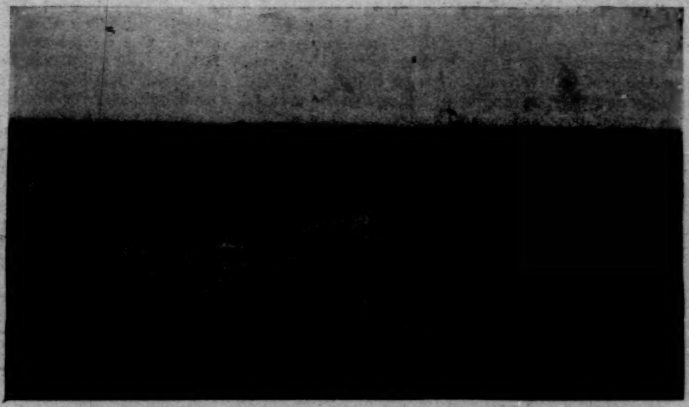


SOUTH VICTORIA AVENUE.



SECOND STREET, LOOKING WEST.

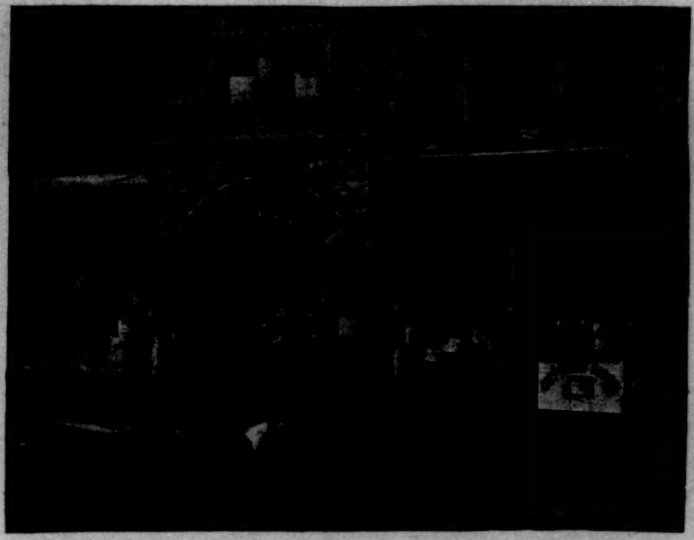
SOUTH UNION AVENUE, SHOWING FORCE OF CURRENT.



VIEW OF PUEBLO FROM TENDERFOOT HILL.

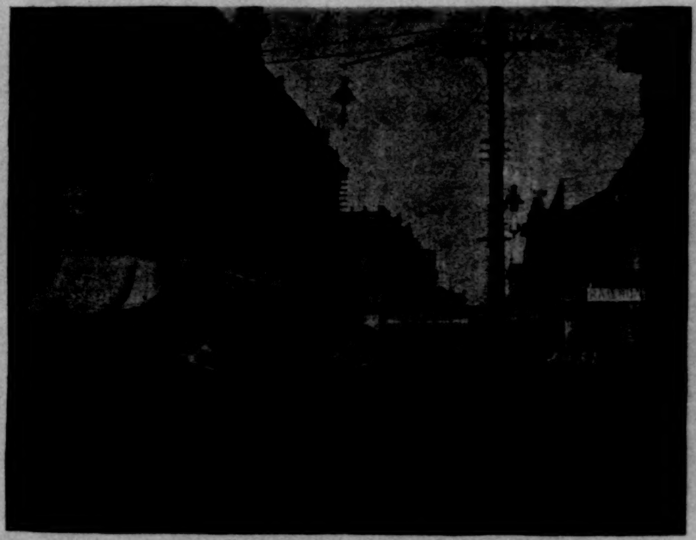
VIEWS IN FLOODED PORTIONS OF THE CITY OF PUEBLO, COLORADO.—[See Page 595.]

FRONT STREET, LOOKING NORTH.



DEKUM BUILDING, CORNER OF WASHINGTON STREET AND THIRD.

OAK STREET, FROM FIRST, LOOKING WEST.



FIRST STREET, FROM WASHINGTON, LOOKING NORTH.

THE FLOODED STREETS OF PORTLAND, OREGON.—[See Page 594.]

TWO OF THE CITIES UNDER WATER DURING THE RECENT FLOODS IN THE WEST.

too much!" "Not bad!" "No, no; that won't do at all!" "You'll never get her feet into that canvas." "Look at the model with your eyes nearly closed and compare the tones!" Then Tarmigan set a composition to be done at home in illustration of "Charity," and stalked through the door amid a chorus of good-nights in incongruous keys. Then there was a silence, so tense that the creak of his departing boots could be heard dying away in the long passage; but it was not till the "rest" arrived, and the model, wrapping a cloak around her, had left the room, and Grainger had silently disappeared after his wont, that the storm burst.

Bubbles led off. "Who ever saw a picture of a woman with four toes?" he cried, disgustedly.

"Yes; how could he expect us to examine her blooming toes?" said the freckle-faced student.

"Oh, I saw she had four toes right enough," said Bubbles. "But a painter hasn't got to paint accidents; he's got to paint pictures."

"It 'll be an accident if you paint pictures," put in the curly-headed wag.

"*I* saw the missing toe," asserted the handsome young Irishman, "when I posed her for the class. But I wasn't going to spoil the study. One can easily imagine a toe. He's got no sense of poetry."

"I saw a scratch on her wrist," volunteered the middle-aged man. "I wonder he didn't want us to paint that."

"I suppose he'll put a background to it and send it to the Academy," called the red-haired young man.

"They've got blue noses in Nova Scotia, I believe. I wonder if he put *them* into his portraits?" the weedy giant remarked in a loud whisper to the little man with the mane.

Though the last two remarks were so impersonal, Matt knew well enough they were aimed at him, and he seemed to feel an undercurrent of resentment against himself beneath the animadversions on Tarmigan, whom he knew the studio revered. He sat uneasily on his stool, poring mechanically over his unhappy study from the nude, and morbidly misreading animosity into this good-humored badinage. In boyhood he might have replied violently with word or even fist, but life had broken him in. Seeing the new man spiritless, another student took up the parable:

"He's going to leave it to the nation."

"Then he'll have to leave it on the door-steps when nobody's looking," rejoined the weedy giant.

Then the stream of wit ran dry, and comparative silence fell upon the room.

Abruptly the voice of the curly-headed wag shot across the silence. "Four-Toes, R.A."

The cry was taken up in a great shout of laughter, even the uninterested joining in from sheer joy in a catchword. It seemed to Matt he had not a friend in the room. But he mistook. The grizzled old cobbler sidled up to him.

"You've licked me, sir," he said, in emotional accents. "You've shamed me ; me whose speciality is feet. I never noticed there was a toe missin'. No, sir; not even me. Your hand, sir. I bear you no malice."

Gratefully Matt gripped the cobbler's extended hand, and he took occasion to apologize for not enduing the artistic boots, explaining that he was reserving them for high days and holidays. He let the bantering cry die away unanswered, but at heart he was sick with the thought he was to repeat the experience of the St. John paint-shop, and he had a fierce impulse to shake the dust of the studio off his feet, even as he had thrown up his position in New Brunswick, and in his resentful bitterness he allowed his sense of the inferiority of the jeerers' work to well up into clear consciousness. And thus he brought himself round to the remembrance of the great Tarmigan's words, and to a softening sense of gratitude to God for the strange way in which He had sent him education in art in his own land, even while he was praying to Him for help to get it across the seas. And thus, though the nickname stuck to him, for, indeed, Grainger's scarcely knew his real name, he remained at the studio, learning to take its humors more genially, and even to partake in them, and drawn to its habitués by the discovery that they too were fighting their way to art from the shop, the school, or the office, but never losing altogether the shyness and sensitiveness of a lonely, alien, and high-spirited soul.

From Tarmigan, whose executive faculty and technical knowledge were remarkable, Matt got many "pointers," as he called them in his transatlantic idiom, traditions of the craft, which he might never have hit out for himself, though, on the other hand, in the paintings he did at home and sometimes showed to Tarmigan he produced effects instinctively, the technique of which he was puzzled to explain to the master-craftsman. Grainger himself never offered criticisms to his pupils except casually, and mainly by way of conversation, when he was bored with his own thoughts.

To the science of art which Tarmigan taught, Matt did not always take kindly: the reduction of æsthetics to rule chafed him, he was distressed by the symmetrical formulæ against symmetry, and though some of the canons of composition seemed to him self-evident when once pointed out, and others not unreasonable, he could not always relish the mechanical application of the general law to his particular case; but he suppressed his untutored instincts, much as in her day his mother had wrestled with Satan, and in faith, hope, and self-distrust submitted himself duteously to law and Tarmigan.

Very soon Grainger's grew half boastful, half jealous of its American prodigy, whom all later arrivals, catching up the nickname without the history of its origin, imagined to be likewise abnormal in the number of his toes. Some recalled Byron's club-foot, and wondered if Matt Strang's pedal defect had any connection with the genius of "Four-Toes, R.A."

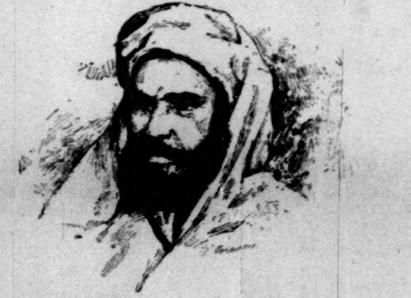
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

The diplomatic circles in Europe are much interested just now on account of the death of Mulai Hassan, for twenty-one years past Sultan of Morocco. Italy, France, Spain, and England are interested in the subject of Morocco, and each of these countries would be glad to get a portion of the late Sultan's dominions. Morocco is so close to Europe that for commercial and administrative reasons the powers interested in the Mediterranean have long desired to see the semi-civilized Moors Europeanized and the Sultanate dismembered. It is likely that the jealousy of these powers, the one of the other, has alone prevented this being done long ago. The ruler who has just died had absolute authority, but exerted it with a gentleness which travellers in his country thought rather bad for his subjects. He has made treaties at various times with the European powers, but none of them were ever of the comprehensive nature usual between civilized nations. Born in 1831, and said to be an authentic descendant of Mohammed, he succeeded to the throne of his father, Sidi Mulai Mohammed, in 1873, and during the whole of his reign he was troubled with the rebellions of his turbulent tribes and their indisposition to live up to the terms of the treaties he made with England, France, and Spain. For these treaty offences he was frequently called sharply to account, and even in his last year he had trouble with both France and Spain. His trouble with Spain took the form of war, and his warlike Riffian subjects for some little time made the country about Melilla very uncomfortable for the Spanish soldiery. This war was happily kept within narrow limits, and settled to the satisfaction at least of Spain.

Less is known of Morocco than of any other country in the world so close to the inveterate European travellers and explorers. Those who have gone into the interior within the past ten years have seen precious little more than the explorers of the early part of the century. The Moors do not as a general thing want visitors from without, and the great men, the politicians of the Sultan's court, resent all efforts to Europeanize the country. The Sultan's chief capitals are Fez, a city of about 150,000 inhabitants, and Morocco, a town of about 50,000 people. It was in Fez that Mulai Hassan received the British embassy headed by Sir John Drummond Hay, who took telephones, phonographs, cameras, and so on, as presents to the Sultan, who was interested in these things, but could not be persuaded to sit for his photograph. He promised that he would do so, but at the last moment decided that three female slaves should act as substitutes. The Koran forbids the making of portraits, and it was doubtless on this account that the Sultan refused. The picture in this paper was found by Dr. Henry M. Field in a kodak group in Tangier, and the Sultan's head enlarged for his book, *The Barbary Coast*. Captain Trotter, who was with this embassy, and wrote a book about the mission, thus described the Sultan as he appeared when he came to examine the curious things sent to him from England: "Considerably over six feet in height, and broad in proportion, the Sultan Mulai Hassan has a fine and commanding appearance. His face, which is of rich hazel-color, with slight black whiskers, mustache, and beard, is decidedly handsome; his eyes, which are large and of a dark brown-color, have an expression of sadness, while his whole face has an anxious and hunted look. His dress was quite simple, being almost entirely white, and his whole figure, including his head, was enveloped in a pure white haik of beautifully fine texture."

This was probably a good description, for it accords generally with what Pierre Loti wrote several years later, after a visit to Fez with the French envoy. The French sailor-novelist and Academician said: "His brown face, parchmentlike, that white veils frame, has regular and noble features; his eyes are deathlike; his expression is one of excessive melancholy, of supreme lassitude, of supreme weariness. He seems kind, and is said to be really kind. But it must be a relative kindness, that strings of human heads, in a garland at the door of the palace, do not affect. He cannot be cruel, with his softly sad look, and it is said that he prefers usually to be merciful. He is a priest and a warrior. He is sure of the divinity of his mission. He lives in chastity in his seraglio. He tries to copy Mohammed. He is a person that we cannot, in our epoch, either understand or judge; but he is assuredly an imposing individual."



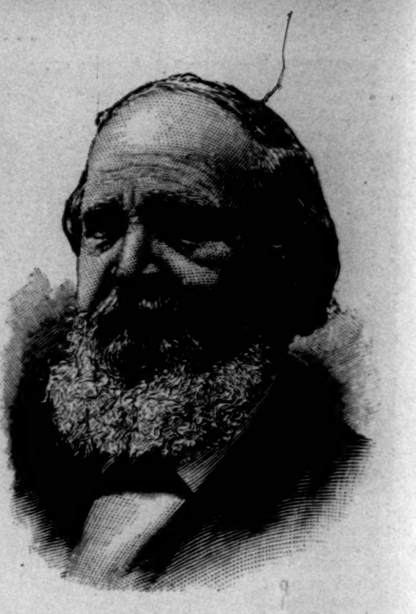
THE LATE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

Mulai Hassan's successor is his son Mulai Abdul, sixteen years old, and the son of a Circassian woman. There are many other older sons, and also an ambitious brother of the dead Sultan, and it is not unlikely that the young Mulai Abdul will have to fight for his throne.

THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR WHITNEY.

The Yale faculty loses one more of the eminent names I had occasion to mention in connection with the recent retirement of Professor Dana. This time the loss is by death. The death of Professor William Dwight Whitney, the great Sanskrit scholar and philologist, was wholly unexpected. As many as eight years ago the heart trouble to which he has succumbed had already reached a dangerous extreme, and all undue physical or mental agitation was forbidden him. He mustered his remaining forces, however, utilized them for constant and most valuable work, and died in harness. One might quote him as an example of that persistence and courage under difficulties, that "staying power" that is supposed to be a peculiarly Yale characteristic. The experts in such matters assert that they see it very much in her athletic sports. One part of the arduous labor comprised in the above-named period was that involved in his duties as chief editor of the Century Dictionary. The great enterprise was one that grew upon his hands, and his editorship was no mere nominal oversight, but a conscientious attention to it in detail and a responsibility for it as a whole.

Professor Whitney was not old, as age goes in these days of long-lived intellectual workers, for he died at sixty-seven, but for some time past physical infirmity had given him a much more venerable look than should have properly been his. We have noted with affectionate sympathy his method of mounting the steps before his house on Church Street. It is a broad low spacious stuccoed house, belonging to something like a distinctively local school of New Haven architecture, and before it is a low stone platform, surrounded on three sides by a few easy steps. He would make the entire circuit of each step before mounting the next, such respite in the effort being demanded by the danger attending even a very slight quickening of the heart's action. A huge elm-tree, by-the-way, that stood just in front, was cast down by the September gale of last year, and lay across the traffic of the street like a rude triumphal arch, while its resisting roots forced the sidewalk up into the air in a lofty barricade. It seems now as if it had been some stout servitor, some guard, which death was fain to remove before it could advance to the more fatal havoc within the mansion.



PROFESSOR W. D. WHITNEY.

The young Whitney, born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1827, was graduated at Williams College. He came to Yale to study under Professor Edward E. Salisbury, then one of the first Orientalists in the United States, and he went next to Germany, where he studied under Bopp and lesser masters of philological science, whose eminence he was one day to rival. Bopp, indeed, was the discoverer of modern comparative philology, the ingenious mind through whose efforts the derivation of words and languages is taken out of the domain of haphazard and becomes an exact science. It had been a thing of casual resemblances and happy guesswork; Voltaire had scoffed at it as a science where the vowels were nothing at all and the consonants of very little consequence. It is evident, said he, that the name of the Chinese monarch *Ki* is the same as that of the Egyptian king *Atoës*. All you have to do is to change *K* into *A* and *i* into *toës*, and there you have it. With Bopp, with Diez, with Raynouard, all this was changed; the strata of language yield up their secrets as clearly as those of the earth's geological formation; a strange word is no more mysterious than a fossil shell or a bone from the caverns of prehistoric men. This was a period of great awakening and enthusiasm, and Whitney was one of those who earliest and to the most efficient purpose brought back its fruits to our shores.

As in Dana's case, so in Whitney's, a strong personal admiration had much to do with the determination of his life's career. He became the favorite pupil of the Professor Salisbury whose fame had drawn him to Yale. This Professor Salisbury, still living, although he retired from college duties as early as 1854, and, in his stately mansion, almost a next-door neighbor to the illustrious deceased, was a man of wealth, and founded for Whitney the professorship of which the latter was the incumbent for forty years. Yale is a hard-working, practical place; it has never been able to maintain even its most eminent scholars in a life of secluded research. So it happened that Professor Whitney not only penetrated with advanced students the arcana of Oriental tongues and comparative philology, but for long years taught also to undergraduates, both in the Sheffield Scientific School and the academical department, the rudiments of French and German. I studied under him the elements of German. He was always patient, conscientious, and amiable. If I should dwell upon the honors received during his lifetime by the deceased, the degrees conferred upon him by universities, his memberships in learned societies the world over, the papers of great moment he contributed to the transactions of these societies, and should then touch upon his bibliography proper, I should fill much more than this column with the bare mention. All that will be done, as it should be, in the scientific journals. Among his chief works of learning are his Sanskrit Grammar and his *Life and Growth of Language*, while in his excellent grammars of French, German, and English he has brought down his rare acquirements to the service of common life. It is true enough that the scholar "wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself," but when he is of exalted merit, then by his own class he is valued indeed, and the echo of such valuing and such honoring reverberates through the outer world.

William Henry Bishop.

A CITY AFLOAT.

A stranger visiting Portland, Oregon, during the flood that has been so general, not in the Pacific Northwest only, but throughout the entire country, might, by a stretch of imagination, think he was in an American Venice.

All sorts of small craft, from the racing-shell to the unsightly scow, were floating up and down the streets—the larger craft were put to good use in moving books and papers from submerged counting-rooms to temporary quarters beyond the reach of the water.

The people of Oregon are most interested in the causes that produced the flood, but to the general public it is sufficient to say that the march of civilization is in a measure responsible. It is the rapid depletion of the vast mountain forests to make room for the increasing settler that causes the floods. The melting snow from the mountains, which fell during the winter to a great depth, instead of slowly penetrating the ground, transformed every creek and rivulet into a seething torrent of water. This soon found its way to the rivers, along whose banks are the salmon canneries and large lumber-mills which make Oregon and Washington so famous.

One must have been an eye-witness to fully appreciate the activity and enterprise displayed by the merchants of Portland and the many amusing incidents and scenes that were enacted. Where the water was not too deep, plank walks were constructed, and along these were a row of boats, some for hire to those who out of curiosity wanted to row where a few days before they had walked or driven; others were to ferry passengers; but most of them bore the signs of the firms to whom they belonged, telling customers where they had moved, or that business was going on without interruption "at the old stand."

Imagine the novelty of stepping into a boat and in a few moments landing on the steps of a handsome bank building. An odd sight was to see a large-sized boat back into the hallway of one of the down-town hotels and take on board the guests of the hotel. Of course the whole thing was attended with more or less excitement, and whilst many of the merchants and shopkeepers were ready for customers, hundreds of others apparently had no business cares to bother them.

One of the prominent druggists engaged several attractive-looking boats, from which were flying alluring signs: "Ice-cream soda and a boat-ride, all for ten cents."

It does not happen every day that one can go through the door of a drug store and up to the soda-water fountain in a row-boat.

A prominent saloon-keeper also threw open the doors of his establishment, and the boats could be rowed up to the bar, and their occupants order drinks with the same independence and no doubt more satisfaction than a cowboy would ride on horseback into a frontier saloon.

The scene on the streets at night resembled a carnival. Whole families seemed to be huddled together in anything that would keep floating. An enterprising Italian had covered the seats of his boat with bright-colored muslin, much to the envy of his fellow-boatmen. He bumped into everything that was stationary or moving, from a fire-plug to a racing shell, and the occupants of the boat were in constant dread of breaking the plate-glass windows of the shops they were passing.

The flood did not seem to dampen the religion of church-goers. Both the cathedral and the oldest Episcopal church were built in the early history of the town, and are now in the centre of the business community. Around them the water was several feet deep, thus compelling their congregations to go in boats to say their prayers.

As a faster means of travel a large wholesale firm ran a steam-launch through the streets bordering on the river.

The Portland Chamber of Commerce, a handsome stone building of eight stories, was surrounded by water to the depth of several feet, and with more than two feet of water in the rotunda, row-boats could go in and out of its marble entrance without difficulty. It is four blocks from the river.

No Eastern mail was received for several days, and all overland travel was cut off, the tracks in many places being covered with water to the extent of nearly a hundred miles. In order that some sort of an idea may be formed of the area the flood covered, it is proper to say that the water was thirty-two feet above low-water mark in the river channel. It covered two tiers of docks, and made a depth in the streets from two to six feet. But with true American spirit Portland turned to and made a holiday of the whole affair.

THE RECENT FLOODS IN PUEBLO.

SEVERAL times in the history of Pueblo high water has visited the city, but never before was water seen four feet deep in the principal streets. What is more, two floods, either one of which would have been an unheard of occurrence, came within a week. Decoration day in Pueblo was a rainy one, and all out-of-doors memorial exercises had to be abandoned. Early in the afternoon word came from Cañon City, forty miles west of here, that the Arkansas River was rising. But little notice was taken of the warning in Pueblo, for high water, as a rule, does not come in this section until late in the summer. At eight o'clock in the evening the steam siren, or, as it is more commonly called, "the mocking-bird," which is ordinarily used to blow the fire-alarm, sounded the distress signal as a warning to those living in the "bottom," for by that time the water in the river was a rushing torrent. The levees on both sides of the Arkansas River were broken in several places, and the water came in at three principal breaks, flooding the business portion of the city. From Dry Creek, a small waterway emptying into the Arkansas north of West Fourth Street bridge, the water swept around the Union Depot and broke through the uncompleted levee on the south side of the river below the same bridge, and a break on the north side near the Main Street bridge let in the water that flooded the City Hall district.

Meanwhile a torrent was coming down the Fountain River, but it did little damage other than washing out the dirt approach on the east side of the Eighth Street bridge. In many places the water stood six feet deep in the houses, and the floor of the Union Depot formed the bottom of a lake two feet deep.

The Central Block, one of the principal office buildings in town, was surrounded by four feet of water, and at noon on Thursday, May 31st, though the rivers had been falling rapidly, it was necessary to wade through a foot of water to gain entrance to the building.

During the flood four persons were drowned. One woman sixty years of age was found drowned in her house, and a man was picked up on the banks of Bessemer ditch. An Italian got out of his house safely, but returned for his money and was drowned; and another Italian lost his life by falling into a hole filled with water the day after the flood.

Garden patches and irrigation ditches along the rivers were injured. Railroad grades in all directions were washed out, and the telephone and telegraph wires to the north were down. Messages to Denver were sent by the way of Kansas City. Although two feet of water swept over the floors of several of the bridges, the well-built structures remained intact. The press-rooms of three out of the four daily papers published in the city were under water.

Many poor people lived in the flooded district, and scores of them were made homeless. The city opened the armory and the Bessemer City Hall to those who could not get other accommodations, and the citizens of Pueblo at once formed a relief committee. Generous contributions of money and clothing were sent to headquarters, and all the flood sufferers were well cared for. The business portion of Pueblo is built right in the bottom at the junction of the Arkansas River, which comes from the west, and the Fountain River, which comes from the north.

The high water was caused by the heavy rains that had been prevailing in the Arkansas Valley, and the flood was the result of bad engineering on the part of the Pueblo city government during past years. In the early plans of the city the Arkansas River had a bed of over three hundred feet in width; now the river is confined by levees on either side to a course of only one hundred and fifty-four feet.

So dry is the climate of Colorado that two days after the flood Pueblo actually had dust on the very streets that had been under water. Steam-pumps were put to work pumping out the cellars, and a system of ditches was dug to drain the city. Everything was nearly put to rights when, on Tuesday evening, June 5th, word came from Cañon City that the water was rising rapidly. Again the "mocking-bird" trilled its discordant notes. This time the people listened to the warning, and all damageable goods were moved to safe ground.

At 11.30 P.M. the high water covered the same district as before, but no fatalities occurred this time. Between ten and half past eleven o'clock the Fountain River, which ordinarily is a mere brook, rose ten feet. Once again the pumps were put to work, and now Pueblo, the Pittsburg of the West, is rapidly getting straightened out after her "week of floods."

CHARLES A. GALLOWAY.

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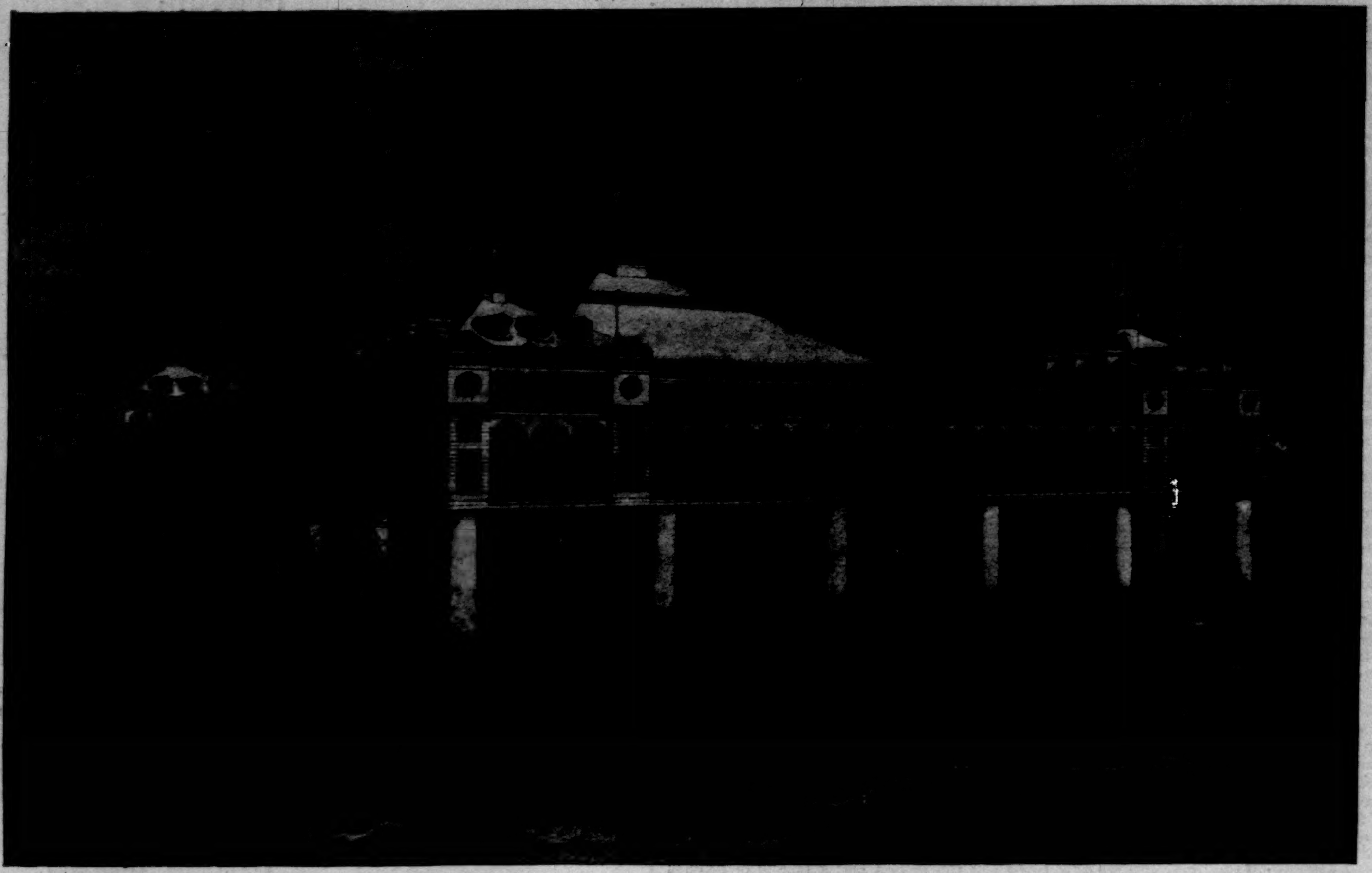

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The contract was awarded to the Maryland Steel Company, of Sparrow's Point, Maryland, who agreed to deliver the vessel within six months, complete and fully furnished, for $52,500.

The keel was laid in the latter part of July, 1893, and the hull was launched on November 18th, when the new vessel was named *Patrol*.

The general appearance of the steamer is illustrated below. The rigging consists of two pole-masts sixty feet long, and a tall funnel, which furnishes a good draught for the boilers. The deck-house is divided so as to have a saloon forward, comfortably fitted with leather-covered sofas, and a mess-room for the crew, both finished in ash, handsomely panelled. Aft of the mess-room are the galley and general stores and lamp rooms. Then come two large state-rooms and a large saloon finished in selected butternut and upholstered with red plush. On the hurricane-deck forward is the pilot-house and a smoking-room, both finished in mahogany. The engine-room is panelled with red oak with white bass centres, which arrangement gives a very pleasing appearance. On the saloon-deck forward is a large forecastle with accommodations for ten men, each man having his own private locker. Abaft the forecastle is the main dining-saloon, which is reached by a companionway from the forward saloon on the main-deck. On each side of the companionway is a large double state-room. The saloon and state-rooms are comfortably and tastefully furnished in leather and tapestry. Abaft these state-rooms is a coal-bunker, and then the boiler and engine rooms. Aft of the engine-room are six large state-rooms and a large store-room.

The vessel is propelled by two compound engines of the marine type, having cylinders 13 and 24 inches diameter by 18 inches stroke. The engines are reversed by steam, and the valves are controlled by the double-bar Stevenson link. The high-pressure cylinders have piston-valves, and the low pressures double ported slide-valves. The propellers are of cast iron, 6 feet in diameter with 9 feet pitch, and turn outward. The main shafts are 5 inches diameter inboard and 5½ inches outboard.

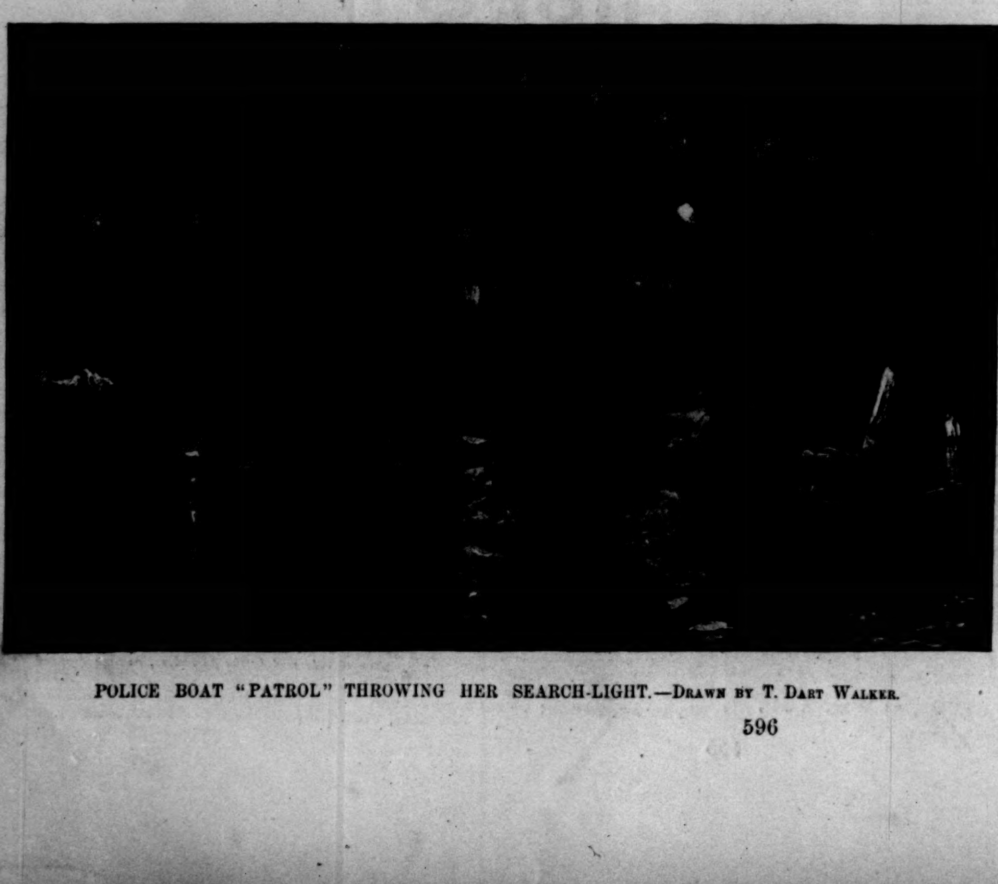
Steam is supplied at 120 pounds pressure from two boilers of the "Admiralty" type, each 7 feet 9 inches diameter by 17 feet 6 inches long. The shells are half an inch thick and strongly riveted. There are two corrugated furnace flues, 37 inches inside diameter, in each boiler. The total grate surface is 74 square feet, and the total heating surface 2130 square feet.

The vessel is lighted throughout by electricity, the dynamo being driven direct by a special engine.

The vessel can be steered either by hand or steam, and the change can be quickly made from one system to the other while the boat is running.

In the upper engine-room is a large Worthington Duplex pump, especially designed for the *Patrol*, to be used for fire or wrecking purposes, capable of discharging over 60,000 gallons per hour. The fire hose and attachments are the same as the standards of the city Fire Department.

The official trial took place on January 11th, and lasted four hours. During the run everything worked with entire satisfaction, and the guarantee of power was exceeded by nearly 20 per cent. The speed was about 16 statute miles per hour, and the main engines developed 595 indicated horse-power, at 185 revolutions per minute, on a vacuum of 26 inches.



POLICE BOAT "PATROL" THROWING HER SEARCH-LIGHT.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.

THE NEW ATALANTIS.

ATALANTIS is the name that will hereafter dignify and distinguish a location in the Atlantic Ocean about sixteen miles east of the Highlands of Navesink and thirteen miles south of the Long Island shore. The old and somewhat ill-flavored title of "Cholera Banks" will surrender to that of the classical Atalantis of Grecian mythology. Here a palatial structure is at once to be erected on huge iron stilts.

The foundations of this building will consist of thirty-six iron cylinders fifteen feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty feet in length. These piles will extend thirty feet below the bed of the ocean, and will be secured to each other, according to the claim of the engineers, by girders, cross-bracings, and in other ways, so as to defy the mightiest storm wave that ever rolled in the Atlantic. After the great tubes have been placed in position they will be filled with concrete, and the foundation, as a whole, will represent three dozen iron-incased pyramids of rock, rising from a depth below the ocean-bed, and towering thirty feet above the level of the sea.

In the construction of the building wood and other inflammable material will not be used, but the entire superstructure will consist of bronze, steel, iron, glass, and tiling, thus making it fire-proof in the fullest acceptation of the term. The style of architecture will be imposing, as may be seen by the illustration. There will be an amphitheatre calculated to accommodate fifteen thousand people, and a roof-garden that will hold three thousand. From the latter place will be witnessed a marine panorama of majestic transatlantic liners passing near by, and every other character of water-borne craft entering and leaving the greatest harbor of the Western world. Several private piazzas for permanent hotel guests and four extensive promenades are other features of the plans, which also call for a fishing pavilion, telegraph and telephone offices, Turkish, Russian, and sea baths, a photograph gallery, and various bazars.

In order to protect themselves against the charge of erecting a menace to navigation, the promoters of the enterprise have given notice to the government that they will bind themselves to place a powerful reflecting light in the main tower of the building, and maintain it the year round.

The officers who will be responsible for the construction of this ocean hotel are Captain R. D. Evans, United States navy, in charge; James C. McGuire, engineer; Captain Howard Patterson, superintending engineer.

The consideration of creating a building out in the sea opens up a peculiar line of thought. As the structure will be situated more than a marine league from the nearest shore, the United States can exercise no jurisdiction over it, either in the sense of interference or protection. Atalantis may become an independent power, with every right, according to international law, to form its own government and to prescribe its own laws. Thursday, June 14th, the flag of the New Atalantis was raised on a buoy anchored on the site selected, and a new autonomy was established on a submarine sand bank.

AMATEUR · SPORT

"Vigilant" sailed away on the last day of May to give British yachtsmen the long-wished-for opportunity of a trial in their home waters between the highest types of racing sloops of American and English designers. It has been persistently asserted in London papers after each defeat of the English challenger for the *America's* Cup that their designers were heavily handicapped by being obliged to build a boat that must cross the Atlantic on her own bottom, while we might construct a "racing-machine" that need only hang together during the races.

Passing over the fact that we originally earned whatever advantages rightfully belong to the challenged by winning the cup with a boat that had crossed the ocean purposely to make the attempt, no one who has followed the career of the subsequent defenders—*Madeline*, *Columbia*, *Mischief*, *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer*—will declare them to have been mere racing-machines. It is true that the first three of these were not built entirely for the defence of the cup, but that object was the sole cause for the existence of *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer*, and surely these have given every subsequent evidence of their seaworthiness and substantial construction, even if they have not crossed the Atlantic.

There are always advantages of more or less importance that favor the challenged party to any contest, whether it be for a race between yachts, horses, or men, and it is quite right that it should be so, but no conditions could be fairer to the visitor than those which have obtained in the *America's* Cup races since the New York Yacht Club chose the outside course. There are no fairer waters in the world than those in which *Genesta*, *Galatea*, *Thistle*, and *Valkyrie* have met defeat; and English yachtsmen who have been over here never claimed to the contrary.

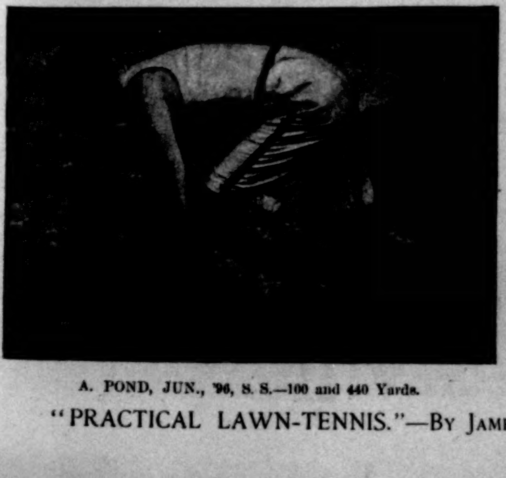
But this has a flavor of ancient history, every one of those races having been won and lost distinctly on the merits of the competing yachts, as all the world knows. It is with *Vigilant's* visit to English waters that we have now to deal; and although the same international consequence will not be attached to her appearance on the Solent as attended the coming of *Valkyrie* last September, her performances will none the less bear most significantly on the comparative merits of British and American racing yachts. Indeed, in the light of the popular British idea that she is but a flimsily built machine, intended simply to last through the international races, *Vigilant's* entry in the English regattas seems to be quite one of the most important events in the history of American yachting. Some of the London papers have already instanced *Vigilant's* preparations for the Atlantic trip as proving their assertion of her instability; but in seeking comfort for last season's defeats they entirely overlook the fact that her fitting out was simply that of any yacht for an ocean trip, and chiefly confined to strengthening her after the wear and tear incidental to a long racing season and a winter out of commission. They likewise ignore the fact that *Valkyrie* underwent similar preparation before she sailed for America, and that her bottom plating needed much attention on arrival.

However, all this is a species of petty quibbling that is foreign to the British sportsman, and has its source chiefly in editors who strive to account for defeats their prejudice will not permit them to acknowledge were simply cases where the better boat won.

A. Brown, Jun., '96, A.—Hammer and Shot.
G. F. Sanford, '95, L. S.—Quarter-Mile. L. P. Sheldon, '96, A.—Broad Jump.
W. O. Hickok, '95, S. S. (Capt.).—Hammer and Shot.
E. H. Cady, '95, S. S.—Hurdles and High Jump. J. E. Morgan, '94, A.—Mile Run.

THE YALE TRACK ATHLETIC TEAM THAT WILL MEET OXFORD IN LONDON, ENGLAND, JULY 16th.

Whatever may be the opinion of London newspaper editors, *Vigilant*, through the sportsmanship of Mr. George Gould, her present owner, has crossed the ocean and silenced the carping critics who loudly claimed she could not live through such a passage. The matter now concerning American yachtsmen is her chance of winning in English waters. It is a fact that British yacht-racing courses, with one or two exceptions, are notoriously difficult to strange competitors. Nearly all of the regattas are held on inside courses, where currents and eddies and tides cut an important factor in the winning, and greatly embarrass the visiting boat. The experience of *Navahoe* last year proved conclusively how much of a handicap they can be, for though repeatedly defeated on the Solent, she won from *Britannia* in her only outside race, from the Needles, sixty miles to the Cherbourg breakwater, and return. The difficulties of the inside courses may be imagined when it is said that the widest part of the Southampton course is four miles and the narrowest one mile, that it will not average much more than a mile in width for six miles from the starting-point, while for eight miles down the Solent the width is a little over two miles.



A. POND, JUN., '96, S. S.—100 and 440 Yards.

The Royal Yacht Squadron's course off Cowes is a bit more fair—it could hardly be less so—but it is in a narrow harbor, surrounded by irregular coast-lines, where the wind is fitful. Such courses as these, where narrow channels and unsteady breezes are the rule, cannot under any conditions provide fair sportsmanlike tests; and clever jockeying, and a crew that has lived on the water a lifetime and become familiar by long experience with its every eccentricity, are absolutely necessary to even a good showing.

It has not yet been decided in what regattas *Vigilant* will be entered, but it is obvious that she would be greatly handicapped on the Solent courses, and that her races with *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita*, in order to have any merit whatsoever, should be on the outside course. If she races on the Solent, as she undoubtedly will to some extent, at least, and is defeated, as it is possible she may be, the yachting world at large will have gained no knowledge it does not already possess. The fair racing qualities of a yacht could only be tested under such unequal conditions by manning the stranger with a crew as much accustomed to the water as the home yacht. Should *Vigilant* win on the Solent, then indeed will American yachtsmen have added laurels to those they have continued winning for fifty years.

On outside courses, where only may the quality of a racer be determined, there seems to be no good reason for fearing that *Vigilant* will forfeit her title to being considered the fastest boat of her class in the world. For some reason or other English yachtsmen, if they are correctly interpreted by their sporting papers, seem to fancy that *Vigilant* will not show to such advantage in English (open) waters as she did last October against *Valkyrie* in America. They appear to set much store on the formidableness of the English breezes and Channel seas, and evidently look for *Valkyrie* to show her stern to the successful *America's* Cup defender. But why *Vigilant* should show such a reversal of the form displayed on this side seems scarcely explained by conditions differing so little from those she has already encountered. *Vigilant* is no untried champion; she demonstrated beyond peradventure in her races with *Valkyrie* that she was greatly the English yacht's superior in fair sailing breezes, in very light winds, and in no wind at all—the mere drifting matches.

In a strong blow it must be acknowledged *Valkyrie* is more nearly her equal, but the last of the *America's* Cup races, sailed in a heavy wind, and sea enough to toss the tugs about like chips, ought to have convinced all those who saw *Vigilant* win that she is not merely a fair-weather boat. The American boat won by a narrow margin, but how many minutes she lost on the race by a mistake of her sailing-master and a jammed centreboard is impossible to calculate. What she did prove, as bearing on her present English campaign, was that stiff breezes and heavy seas had no such terrors for her as some British yachtsmen are inclined to believe.

It is perfectly true, however, that the last day's race proved heavy seas to be more to *Valkyrie's* liking than to *Vigilant's*, the latter's comparative superiority in windward work falling greatly below what it had been in lighter weather. This is not the time nor place to take up again in detail the reasons, which were discussed in this department last autumn; suffice it to say that one of the principal causes for the difference was, falling into popular parlance, the pounding on the waves of *Vigilant's* bow, while *Valkyrie*, putting her nose into the sea, cut her way through with comparatively small loss of headway.

That day's work and her ocean trip prove that *Vigilant* can live in just as heavy water as *Valkyrie*, and wherever the American boat can maintain her headway her previous performances would tend largely to convince us that she can beat the English sloop three times out of five. If they meet in a race across the Channel, which will be the only fair test, it will bring the two together on the most even and, for *Valkyrie*, favorable terms, and nothing less than the best two out of three races should be determined upon. On the inside courses the chances will be greatly in favor of *Valkyrie*, but here again the breezes will be variable, and more or less light, conditions under which *Vigilant* is so much the superior that it is not unlikely she may thus be able to counterbalance the English yacht's greater quickness in stays (a vast advantage where narrow courses necessitate much tacking) and familiarity with the water. Nor with Captain Hank Haff at the helm will there be any of the blunders evident at times in *Vigilant's* handling last autumn.

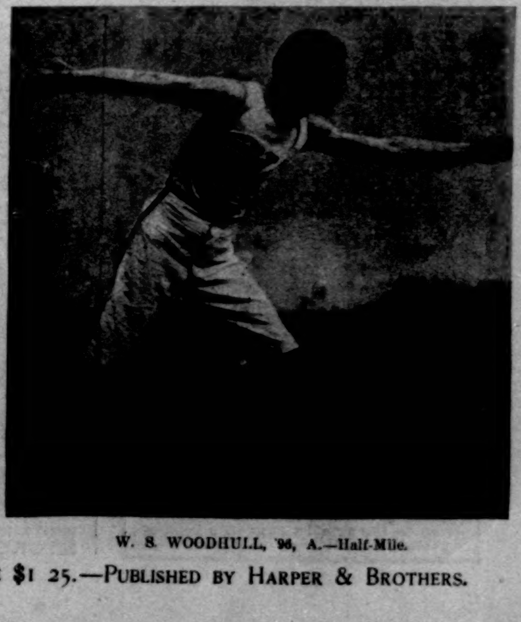
Vigilant will not challenge for the Royal Victoria or any other cup. She is already the champion 85-footer of the world, and goes to England purely out of the good sportsmanship of her owner to give *Valkyrie* the much-wished-for race in the latter's home waters.

The yachting season opened most auspiciously in point of weather for the New York Yacht Club regatta; seldom has there been so steady and satisfactory a breeze; a precedent it is earnestly hoped may be followed during the Goelet Cup races off Newport. And the sport was as good as the wind. The supposition that after the importance and excitement of last season the present one would prove rather insipid has not been borne out by either the New York or Larchmont regattas. Outside of the cup-defender trials, racing last year was particularly dull, while no season lately has opened with better sport than the one we have just entered upon. It is not likely that the classes will be very large this season, and a race between *Vigilant* and *Jubilee*, an event all yachtsmen had hoped for, has been made impossible by the former's trip to England. *Lasca*, too, Mr. Brooks's speedy schooner, has sailed away to British waters to test the qualities of English craft. We probably will have no racing in the big sloop class, for *Jubilee* appears to be the only one of the quartet of 85-footers that will bend a sail in '94. *Colonia* has dropped out of sight, and *Pilgrim* been turned into a steam-yacht.

The forty-five-foot class appears to have experienced revivification, and *Wasp* and *Gloriana* have been renewing the struggles of two years ago, and with quite the same results. *Gloriana*, which now belongs to Mr. H. F. Gillig, beat her rival in the Atlantic Club's race in fluky weather, but in the New York and Larchmont regattas, *Wasp*, under fair conditions, won handily. Furthermore, in the Larchmont regatta, *Wasp* acquired the greater distinction of beating Mr. Percy Chubb's 60-foot Watson cutter *Queen Mab*, boat for boat, over a twenty-mile course. Additional honors accrued to the American designers the same day by the ten-minute drubbing, on corrected time, that *Gloriana* administered to *Minerva*; thus in these four boats alone do we have four periods of yacht-building, with the American designer triumphant in both his contributions.

The schooner class will furnish some rare sport between G. H. R. Hill's *Ariel*, one of the handsomest and speediest two-stickers in American waters, and J. Rogers Maxwell's *Emerald*, which did some good work in her first season, though she was rather disappointing last year. Both of these schooners raced against *Lasca* last year and were beaten, with *Ariel* doing the better work of the two. Thus far *Emerald's* form is somewhat of an improvement over '93; she lost to *Ariel* by six minutes in the New York regatta, but by only forty seconds in the Larchmont. The *Ariel* is a wonderfully smart boat, and a good-looker; her racing measurement is 83.53 ft., while *Emerald's* is 89.57 ft.

Mr. Gould Brokaw's *Viator* has not missed a regatta, and appears to have quite caught the sporting spirit of her owner.



W. S. WOODHULL, '96, A.—Half-Mile.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—By James Dwight, M.D.—Illustrated.—16mo, Cloth, Price $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

She may always be counted upon for a good race, but appears to have been outbuilt (time allowance included) by the more recent *Elsie Marie*, whose measurement is 75.60 ft. *Loyal* (65.93), which is in *Viator's* (65.92) class, has also proved too fast for her, though the difference is not so great as to detract from the interest of a race.

The large schooners, with the exception of *Volunteer* and *Merlin*, have made scarcely a move, and Mr. Forbes seems to be the only owner who may be counted on, though we are quite sure to hear from others once the season is fairly under way.

The only enlargement in existing classes this year will be the 21-footers. There has been quite a bit of talk of several new fin and other abnormal keel racers for this class, but so far only W. B. Duncan, Jun.'s Herreshoff *Houri* has materialized. Her first appearance, at the Larchmont regatta, indicated speed, but how great, the absence of any craft in her class or near it made determination impossible. The 25-footers appear to have gone the way of the good, after struggling three years for existence. It seems too bad more encouragement could not be extended, for it is a very useful class—clever racers, and handy cruising craft for a couple of Corinthians. Those which brought the class into existence and furnished some good sport while the interest lasted—*El Chico*, *Pyxie*, *Smuggler*, and *Nameless*—have passed into other hands, and in several instances gone to fresh-water courses. Southern and Western yachtsmen can pick up very clever little sailers if they keep their weather eye on the rise and fall of these fads.

No more interesting spot exists for a student of human nature and of rowing than the Thames at this moment. There may he find three different interpretations of form in the shell and out of it by as many representative college crews. At Yale's quarters there is confidence in their invincibility, and all is secret as the grave, as though dire catastrophe would follow swiftly upon the discovery of some characteristic of their "stroke," or that the crew is rowing well—a fact patent to the most unlearned on-looker.

Next door live the Columbia Freshmen, with hearts for any fate, and a gritty lot that will be neither disappointed nor surprised whatever be the result of the triangular race. They affect the secrecy that the adjacent Yale atmosphere imparts, and which acquaintance with them proves to be but superficial—a comment equally applicable to the Yale oarsmen when untrammelled by precept and tradition.

At Red Top there is a feeling of hope without overweening confidence, and a determination to do or die. Here too may one find the truest spirit of sportsmanship on the river; there is a frank and manly bearing of the men, and an honest discussion of chances that is in strong contrast with accepted American university methods, and as commendable for its sportsmanship as it is distinctive. It is an approach to the English university sporting spirit that, win or lose, must command for Harvard the respect of every sportsman in America.

The Harvard crew is rowing in the following order, which will, in all probability, be the same in the race.

		Weight.
Bow	J. Purdon, '95	154
No. 2	J. R. Bullard, '96	159
" 3	K. H. Lewis, '96	159
" 4	R. M. Townsend, '96	159
" 5	T. G. Stevenson, '96	174
" 6	L. Davis, '94	176
" 7	E. H. Fennessy, '96	168
Stroke	A. M. Kales, '96	148
Coxswain	E. B. Day, '96	107

Average weight of eight, 162⅛ pounds.

Purdon is the ugliest oar of either crew. He slumps down at the finish, rowing with an apparently twisted body, and yet he pulls a strong oar, and his time is better than that of most men in the boat. Bullard rows in good form, but has the characteristic fault of this year's crew—in not keeping his blade covered, besides bending his arm too soon. Lewis has improved, and if he could only keep time and row with his blade covered, would be one of Harvard's best men. As it is, he evidently cares very little how the boat travels, and does nothing of his own accord to improve his form. Apparently he does not realize that only by dint of the most conscientiously hard work by himself and every other man in the boat, between now and the day of the race, may Harvard have any hope of winning. The crimson's chances have become much better than most people think, but will be vastly improved if Lewis will put his whole mind and heart into his work. He has the build of an oarsman, but something more than physique is needed in order to become one. The time for learning to make a boat travel on an even keel is during training; the knack does not suddenly develop on the day of the race. Townsend works hard, but is not a good time-keeper, and has the same fault as Lewis with regard to his blade. Stevenson was laid off on my day at New London, but he is said to have greatly improved. Davis, Purdon, Bullard, and Townsend are very slow getting their hands out; the first strives hard, but is generally behind stroke in getting into and out of the water, and his work needs to be greatly smartened.

Fennessy is the best oarsman rowing at New London to-day. His blade-work is very good, but the poor work of the other men handicaps his natural ability to row a clean sharp stroke. His back is perfect, his time with Kales—a very difficult stroke to follow—almost faultless, yet he has one serious fault, of bending his arms much too soon, which causes him to lighten off his work at the end of the stroke and helps to make the boat drag. He and Kales are the only men that govern their slides in any degree as they should, most of the others hurrying them at the end of the recover. Kales is the one who has it in his power to bring about a great change for the better in the crew's work. At present he cocks his oar and rows with the blade barely half covered, washing out at the end of the stroke and hanging over the stretcher, causing Fennessy, who follows him closely, to do the same. He is not steady, and when the boat strikes a bit of rough water hurries his oar through it or almost stops, thus making the crew miss nearly a whole stroke. If he will become regular in the beat of the stroke, catch the water the instant he gets forward in the recover, and keep it long and his oar buried right through, those behind will imitate him, and the crew do much better work. All the men need to drive harder with their legs.

These details are rather more minute than I should make at this late day were it not that Harvard has a great opportunity of giving Yale a very big surprise. There are times when the eight get well together, cover their blades, and row clean. At such times, which, more's the pity, are of short duration, the shell travels on an even keel, without checking between strokes, and faster than the best pace the Yale boat has yet gone.

They have excellent body swing and reach, and row a longer stroke than their rivals, but their time must be improved and blade-work perfected if they are to be in the race on the 28th. Given the blade-work of Yale, and Harvard has certainly a fighting chance for victory.

The Yale crew will row in the following order, which has remained practically unchanged for nearly two months:

		Weight.
Bow	A. Armstrong, '95 S	158
No. 2	H. C. Holcomb, '96	175
" 3	W. M. Beard, '96	170
" 4	A. P. Rogers, '94 S	165
" 5	A. W. Dater, '95 S	178
" 6	W. R. Cross, '96	190
" 7	R. B. Treadway, '96	170
Stroke	F. A. Johnson, '94 S	160
Coxswain	F. E. Olmstead	110

Average weight of eight, 170⅞ pounds.

The average weight of seven men of the crew is 168 lbs., which Cross raises to about 171. This matter of weights, by-the-way, is one of those awful secrets that will never be known. Is it a wise policy to compel the other men to pull this extra load? The '91 'varsity crew was composed of sons of Anak, and until the present year it has looked as though Mr. Cook had then had enough of the tribe. Armstrong is a fair oarsman. Beard rivals Purdon in ungainly movement, and looks as though he were doubled up with colic. Yet he, like Purdon, pulls one of the strongest oars in the boat.

There are three singular coincidences in connection with the Harvard and Yale crews of this year. Each has six Sophomores, the break in both comes at No. 3, and the strokes have the same fault of not giving the men behind them time to row out their strokes. Johnson gives an impression of being in so great hurry to get through his stroke as to forget he has behind him in Cross a man who needs time to get through his work. A large man cannot be hurried, despite the fact that Cross is one of the best oars of his weight that has been on the Thames in recent years. The watermanship of all the men is good, the blades going into the water cleanly, without loss of time or effort, and being well covered right through. Yet the general rowing seems to be hurried and nervous. There is extremely little body swing, the work being done almost exclusively with the legs. The stroke is shorter in the water than last year, and there seems to be somewhat of a departure from that which has won Yale so many races, and which we had learned to regard as the university ideal. The boat has gained a great deal in speed during its first week at New London, but it is not so fast as commonly supposed, nor up to the point its coaches hope to bring it. The crew is remarkably smooth in all its work, but at the end of a recent four-mile row—the time of which with a strong following breeze and tide was said to have been 21 minutes 11 seconds—there was more splashing than one that had been together for so long should show; present indications, however, point strongly to a Yale victory. Of the men in the two boats it may be said generally that the Yale representatives appear more mature and stronger than all but Fennessy and Lewis in the Harvard crew, who are a wiry ambitious lot, with no record for a lack of pluck.

I am frank enough to say, with only the true interest of amateur sport and the Yale athletic undergraduate body at heart, that Yale would profit more by defeat this year than by victory. Much as the indomitable Yale spirit is to be admired, yet there are too few of their athletes, too few of all college athletes to-day, that bear the athletic honors of the university with becoming modesty, and there are a great many whose cranial development is, by the same token, unduly great. Many of them are splendid types of the excellence in mind and body that is to be gained from physical training. Others are inclined to consider a certain amount of "swagger" is essentially attendant upon athletic prowess. A few defeats would diminish the latter class, to the great advantage of amateur sport and sportsmanship in general.

Yale won the college baseball championship on Saturday by defeating Princeton the third game of their series, 9–5. Pitcher Carter's work in the box and at bat, Greenway's catching, together with Princeton's errors, decided the contest. It may indeed be called a comedy of errors—errors that were very costly, especially to Princeton, for Yale earned but 3 of their 9 runs, while Princeton earned 4. It was by far the poorest game of the series, with a few brilliant plays and heavy batting, giving the fielders a great deal of work, in which, despite errors, Princeton excelled. Mackenzie's muff, Payne's fumble, and Bradley's wildness gave Yale four runs in the first inning, but, generally speaking, Princeton's fielders did good steady work, King particularly making some very clever pick-ups. Yale's in-field was not nearly so strong, but the out-fielders, excepting Speer's one error, accepted all their chances without an error. Both pitchers were wild the first inning, but after the fourth Carter pitched deceptive ball, and Bradley made a better record than Altman. Princeton's weakness in the box has certainly lost them most of their games this year, and was a large factor in losing them the championship. The Yale battery has played a strong game from the first, and Greenway is the best back-stop of the college year. Since 1868, when their series began, Yale has won 46 times, Princeton 16.

Yale has finally decided to send an athletic team to meet Oxford; the men have been chosen, and will sail June 20th, and the contest be decided July 16th, on the Queen's Club grounds, London. The idea met more or less opposition from Yale alumni on its first suggestion, but on being put to vote before the university was unanimously supported and substantially backed by the Yale Financial Union's guarantee of $1500 towards expenses.

It is a question if it would not have been more satisfactory, and given the contest a more international university significance, to have challenged the full strength of Oxford and Cambridge with a team chosen from Harvard and Yale. That, however, is a matter for future consideration; for the present let us congratulate ourselves on having at length inaugurated the international meetings, which we have wished for so long, and whether Yale wins or loses, admire the sporting spirit of the undergraduates at New Haven. It is eminently proper that Yale and Oxford should meet to determine the university track athletic supremacy of '94, for each has earned the right to represent its country. Oxford, March 17th, won six (they count firsts only in the inter-university meetings) of the nine events in the dual games with Cambridge; while Yale, May 12th, in the dual games with Harvard, counting firsts 5 points, seconds 2 points, and third 1, in a programme of 14 events, scored 59 out of a possible 112 points; and in the Inter-collegiate championships, May 26th, won first honors with 37 points, Harvard second with 24½.

It is altogether probable that no athletic contest was ever held where the outcome remained more uncertain than in the coming Oxford-Yale games. In the list of nine events, comprising the 100 and 440 yard dashes, half and one mile runs, 120 yards hurdle, running broad and high jumps, throwing 16-pound hammer, and putting 16-pound shot, there are but four that may be called certainties (as certainties go in athletic competition)—the hammer and shot for Yale, and the broad jump and mile run for Oxford. The competitors in four of the remaining events are so evenly matched that nothing short of actual contest can determine the better men. In the ninth event, the half-mile, Oxford is an unknown quantity, since it is never on her programme, and how good a man she has must continue a question until July 16th, though it may be safely counted upon that from among her lot of excellent middle-distance performers one will be found to ably represent her.

There are several very good reasons that favor Oxford winning the contest. First of all, the athletic games of the English universities are invariably held in February and March, when the weather is more or less raw and chilly, and the track and turf somewhat heavy; that their performances

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under such conditions will be improved upon in midsummer seems undoubted, especially in the sprints and hurdles. On the other hand, our games are held in May, when the conditions favor the best work of the athletes. Again, the hurdles are run on turf (the finest in the world, to be sure, but turf none the less); and in track events the men are started with the right side to the pole; our hurdles are on cinders, and we keep the pole to our left; they will have a fresh man for the high jump and the hurdles, while we rely on one for both; they will be on home grounds and in home climate, to both of which our men will be strange.

Other than these there are no embarrassing conditions, for putting the shot from a 10-foot square, and throwing the hammer from a 30-foot circle, will not bother Hickok, certainly not enough to make any material difference in his performance, aside from which the contestants will be allowed to compete under the rules to which they have been accustomed in the weights; measuring the broad jump from the take-off to the firm imprint of the last heel (instead of to the first break in the soil, as we do) will be as fair for one as the other, and the high jump is measured quite as it is over here, despite newspaper statements to the contrary. Of course this is figuring on every one of our team being fit to the day and hour; should any one of them go wrong the loss would be irretrievable.

IN THE 100 AND 440 YARD DASHES Oxford will be represented by Jordan, who is one of the few quick men off the mark in the English universities, a plucky runner and very strong finisher. He has done the 100 repeatedly in .10⅕, and won the 440 last March in .50⅘. Yale will have Pond or Sanford, or possibly both. Each has done the 100 in .10⅕; Pond won his maiden 440 at the N.Y.A.C. games from the 6-yard mark in .49⅘ after running several heats and being pocketed, time probably equal to 50 seconds. Sanford has done 440 in .50⅗. Both are strong plucky runners, and Pond can repeat to no end.

In the half-mile the best man I saw at Oxford, aside from Greenhow, who will probably be reserved for the mile, was Hildyard, who ran third by about ten yards to Lutyen's 4.19⅘ mile in the dual games at Queen's. Yale will have Woodhull, who won the event in the Harvard-Yale games in 1.59⅘, but he seems to be rather uncertain, as he was second by about ten yards in 1.59⅕ at the Inter-collegiate championships.

Cady, Yale, has run the hurdles on cinders in 16 seconds, and is an athlete who can be depended on. Oakley, Oxford, won the event on turf easily in March in .16⅗; he is strong and his form good. I should think him equal to .16⅕, and with Cady's unfamiliarity with turf, if greater speed, this race should be one of the prettiest struggles of the day.

MUCH EMPHASIS HAS BEEN LAID on Fry's (Oxford) having done no better than 22 ft. 4 in. at Queen's in March, but it is not known over here that his apparent reversal of form was due to a sore heel, which very likely is well by this time. Fry is a wonderful performer, and in form can outjump Sheldon handily, though the latter is full of pluck, and has done 22.4, American measurement, which would be anywhere from three to six inches more measured on the English plan, which will obtain, of course, July 16th.

In the high jump, Swanwick (Oxford) has a record of 5 ft. 11, and won the event against Cambridge at 5.10¼. Cady has cleared 5.10½, and Sheldon 5.10.

The hammer and shot are easily dismissed, for Oxford has no one who can come within feet of Hickok, with his record of 125 ft. 1 in. in the hammer and 42 ft. 9 in. in shot. Robertson won the hammer at Queen's at 101 ft. 4½, and Maling was second in the shot with a put of about 35 feet.

Morgan (Yale) has done 4.28 in the mile, and is a certain performer, but Greenhow (Oxford) ran second by about three yards to Lutyen's 4.19⅘ in the Oxford-Cambridge games, and ought to win July 16th.

Looking it all over, I am inclined to believe Oxford will win both jumps, mile run, and 440 yards. Yale the hammer and shot and the hurdles and 100 yards, largely because of the superiority of American sprinters in getting off the mark. The half-mile may be the deciding event, and Woodhull must be certain of getting inside two minutes to win.

Of one thing we may be sure, the Yale men will worthily represent American university athletics, and, win or lose, Oxford will be called on to do the best work she ever did.

Good luck to Yale and America, and may the better men win!

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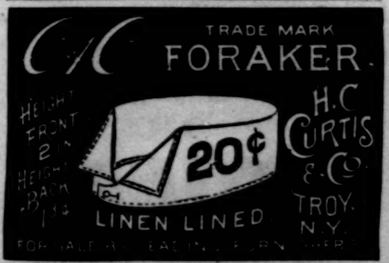

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